new masses

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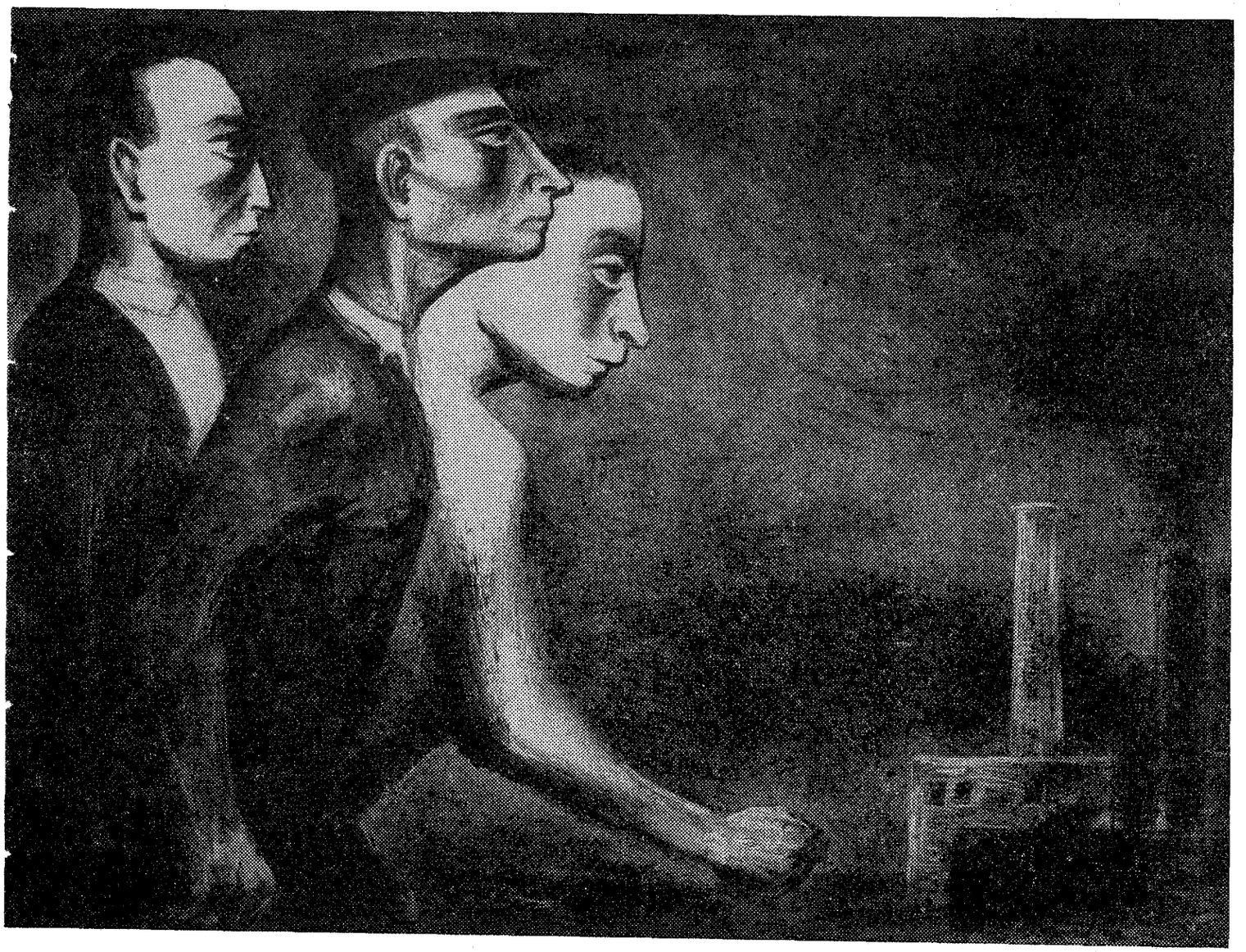

GRASS ROOTS & BRASS TACKS

A. B. Magil analyzes the Conference of Progressives in first-hand report from Chicago

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just a minute

WE WERE sitting in Congressman Vito Marcantonio's office above a First Avenue five-and-ten store. It was midnight; Marc comes back from speaking engagements about then and works until 3 A.M. He's a young, compact-looking fellow, but as he sat across the desk from us his eyes were tired behind the horn-rimmed spectacles.

We'd gone up there that evening to put in a few hours addressing envelopes. Riding up on the jerky Third Avenue El we'd felt a little foolish: was this trip really necessary? We'd remembered the streamlined organization he was supposed to have, and the thousands of workers who swarmed the place in 1944, the year of the Great Sweep.

But when we'd got to his headquarters, a bare room with four long tables, there was no swarm at all. There were perhaps fifteen people at the tables, copying names and stuffing envelopes. So when Marc (nobody thinks of calling him anything more stately) came in, a few hours later, we'd cornered him in his cubbyhole off the main room and said, in effect, "Marc, where is everybody?"

He tilted back in his swivel chair and stared soberly at the ceiling.

"They're making the same mistake they made in the primaries," he said. "They're letting the other guy do it. And the other guy just isn't showing up here. I've got the toughest fight on my hands I ever had. I've got the Christian Front not only alive but in effective arrangement with the Republicans. The Democratic Party is not working for me. I'd say that out of 130 districts, in ninety they're working against me." He said slowly, thinking out his words, "The Republican National Committee has two main objectives in this campaign: to elect Dewey and to defeat me. They're throwing everything they've got into this campaign. For the first time in history Park Avenue debutantes have become Second Avenue Jimmy Higgins'—working for my opponent, Frederick Van Pelt Bryan.

"The money is against me," he went on, "but the voters are for me. It's a matter of getting them out. Voters just don't come out by themselves. I lost the Republican primary by 560 votes; I won the Democratic one by 640. If I'd had half the workers I had in 1944, I'd have won them both easily."

How many workers did he have then?

"Two thousand." And now? "Now, it's bad," he said. "Two hundred. Not that even. We're in real danger. Next week—registration week—will tell the story. If we get our people down to register, we'll beat this boy big. If we don't—well—" he shrugged.

AND what that shrug means is that there is a very substantial chance that the most consistent voice for everything that is decent in American life may be missing from the next Congress. It's easy to take accustomed things for granted. We're used to the fact that Marc is always in there pitching for FEPC, for price control, for housing, for peace—you know the story. Perhaps we aren't as aware that, although there are other progressives in the House—all too few—it's he who mobilizes them, organizes them for action; it's he who is the expert strategist and makes their voice most effective.

You'll probably read this page, if you live in New York, during the last day or two of registration week. We want to urge you to do two things:

1. Register at your polling place, if you have not already done so. The polls are open through Friday, October 11, from 5:30 to 10:30 P.M. and on Saturday from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

2. Spend every minute you can until 10:30 Saturday night helping to get out the registration for Marcantonio and all labor-backed candidates.

And whether you live in New York or not, we urge your *active* support from now until Election Day of all progressive candidates.

IN THIS issue: David Zaslavsky's reportage on Denmark is reprinted from *New Times*, No. 13. The author, one of the Soviet Union's best known journalists, is a columnist for *Pravda*. B. M.

new masses

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Cover: "Night Shift," a lithograph by Eugene Karlin

Cornerstone for Coalition A. B. Magil 3

Hamlet's Homeland Today David Zaslavsky . . 6

Refregier Covers a Debut 9

Prophets of Profit: an editorial Ralph J. Peters . 11

Panorama of Boulogne-sur-mer, 1939: a poem Arthur Gregor 12

Big Fish: a short story Alan Stoltman 13

Men Against the Big Money Virginia Gardner . 18

Portside Patter Bill Richards 20

Mail Call 21

Mainstream: an editorial Joseph North 22

Book Reviews: Economics in One Lesson, by Henry Hazlitt: Elizabeth Lawson; I Cannot See Their Faces and Keep Silent, by Leibel Bergman: Thomas McGrath; A World to Win, by Upton Sinclair: Sally Alford; Secret Country, by Jorge Carrera Andrade: Walter McElroy; Tour of Duty, by John Dos Passos 23

Films of the Week Thomas McGrath 28

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CORNERSTONE FOR COALITION

Still in its swaddling clothes, a new movement is emerging from the Conference of Progressives to advance independent political action.

By A. B. MAGIL

Chicago.

THIS is my first stop on a speaking and writing trip that will take me to the West Coast and back. It was my good fortune to come here in time to attend one of the major political events of the year, the National Conference of Progressives. And it was also timely that I have come here in the thick of a crucial election campaign in a state in which all the dominant national issues have been drawn, as through a glass, to a burning focus.

First, as to the conference. Henry Wallace was not physically at the sessions in the Continental Hotel, but no one was more present in spirit. Not that the conference committed itself to his leadership or that its program was identical with his. On some points Wallace would probably not see eye to eye with the majority of the conference. But Henry Wallace has come to symbolize the fight against the reactionary foreign policy of the Wall Street-controlled Republican Party which the Truman administration has made its own. And even though Wallace is now temporarily silent, his remains a strong voice calling for a return to the Roosevelt path. The Chicago conference greatly amplified that voice, which springs from the depths of the people; it demanded "a swift return to the course charted by President Roosevelt," called for the recapture of Big Three unity, urged an end to intervention in China, branded the thirteen billion-dollar American armaments program as "impossible to justify if our policies are those of peace," opposed the government's efforts to establish worldwide military bases, and demanded the international outlawry of atomic weapons. And on domestic policy the conference likewise upheld the Roosevelt banner, condemning the "coalition of Republicans and reactionary Democrats in the seventy-ninth Congress which has let down the farmers, has let down labor, has let down the veteran, has let down the minorities."

But good resolutions by themselves build no movements and win no elections. It is important to know what stands behind these resolutions and what lies beyond them. This conference was sponsored by three organizations: the CIO Political Action Committee, the National Citizen's PAC, and the Independent Citizen's Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions. Nothing remarkable in that, you may say. Yet the fact is that these three groups—one representing the most advanced sector of organized labor, the other two representing professionals and other middle-class citizens—have not heretofore, despite their common objectives, joined forces. I have heard of instances — isolated, it is true — where CIO-PAC has endorsed one candidate for Congress and National Citizen's PAC another. In addition to the leaders of these groups—Jack Kroll, Harold L. Ickes, Jo Davidson, Frank Kingdon, C. B. Baldwin and Elmer Benson—leaders of five other organizations signed the conference call: Philip Murray, president of the CIO; James Patton, president of the National Farmers' Union; Walter White, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People; A. F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen; and Clark Foreman, president of the Southern Conference for Human Welfare. All of these, with the exception of Whitney, who was detained by other business, actively participated in the conference, as did, besides Ickes, another former member of the Roosevelt cabinet, ex-Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr. In addition, Senator Pepper addressed the conference's public dinner.

Orban.

Henry A. Wallace

Are you tempted to say there's nothing remarkable in all that? Don't. I'm not talking about remarkable spectacular things. I'm talking about little things with big meanings. Take Walter White, for example. It is well known that White and the organization he represents, the NAACP, have always shied away from commitment to political parties or movements. This makes all the more significant White's presence at the conference; when he spoke at the opening session it was in fact the first time in some thirty years of activity that he had addressed a public political meeting. Even though the NAACP as a national organization takes no official stand on this new political movement, Walter White's identification with it will no doubt encourage NAACP branches and members throughout the country to do likewise.

Or consider the role of James Patton, who heads up one of the three major farm organizations in the country. At the dinner Patton made one of the outstanding speeches of the conference. He blasted the Vandenberg-Byrnes foreign policy and pointed to the depredations of American big business at home and abroad. He decried all divisive talk of "foreign ideologies" and appealed for unity. Citing the experience of the Populist movement of the Nineties and the failure of the insurgent farmers of that day to ally themselves with labor in the battle against monopoly, he called for the

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building of a progressive political movement "based on the common bonds of farm people and working people." Incidentally, he challenged the labor movement to spend one dollar per member to tell its story to the farmers in order to counter the poisonous anti-labor propaganda of big business. A mighty good idea, it seems to me.

Phil Murray called the conference the largest political action gathering of progressives ever held in this country. Whether or not this is strictly accurate (it certainly was the largest held in more than twenty years), what was born at Chicago was a *movement*. It is still in its swaddling clothes, but it has enormous potentialities. It is a movement independent of both major parties, yet it recognizes that as yet there is no mass breakaway from these parties while, on the other hand, America's money lords and war lords are most strongly entrenched in the Republican Party. Consequently, when this movement decided, as it did, to use its strength to defeat reactionaries in both parties and elect progressives or near-progressives in both parties, this means inevitably to support candidates who for the most part are Democrats. But it means something more: support of those trends within the Democratic Party that are moving away, however hesitantly, from the reactionary course of the Truman administration—trends which may eventually merge with the independent forces to form a new people's anti-monopoly party. As the Chicago *Sun* put it in an editorial on the conference: "The inroads of reaction in both major parties demand a coalition that will give maximum effectiveness to the fight for progressive principles which now find adequate expression in neither party. . . . The immediate task is to form the progressive coalition."

That coalition emerged at Chicago and is destined to grow. The more than three hundred delegates from some thirty-five states went home not only with a political program clearly defined (even though in some respects it lacked the precision and incisiveness that one might have desired), and with a greater sense of unified direction, but with plans for the hard work that must be done at the precinct level if the threat of a Republican sweep is to be halted and if the progressive coalition is to move forward after November. For this is a movement which doesn't intend to expire on election day. A Continuations Committee of fifty is to be set up which is to call a second conference in January. It should be obvious that participation in any such people's movement against capitalist reaction and war is a must for those who believe that abundance, democracy and peace can be fully and permanently achieved only through the socialist transformation of our society.

Let me say something about a matter which has received more publicity than it deserves: Phil Murray's speech in which, departing from his prepared text, he flung out hot words about not wanting any "damn American Communists meddling in our affairs." This was neither a wise nor an accurate statement, and it is only fair to say that it placed some strain on the unity of the conference. The press was excluded from the business sessions of the conference, but I, like other reporters, was able to learn some of the things that happened at the session immediately following Murray's speech. My information is that at least three prominent delegates, none of them Communists, spoke up sharply against Murray's attack on the Communists. It is also only fair to say that Murray made partial amends at a press conference when, asked whether his speech repudiated a previous stand he had taken against Red hunts in the CIO, he replied: "I'm a very poor hunter."

Incidentally, the New York *Times* account of the original episode was more distinguished for color than for accuracy. Its correspondent, Felix Belair, Jr., wrote that Murray's anti-Red remark "brought cheering delegates to their feet." It is understandable that it should have produced a considerable elevation in the spirits of the *Times* man, but as for the physical elevation of the delegates, the beatific Felix must have been attending another conference.

Let me only add that, harmful as Murray's digression was, its effect should not be exaggerated. The CIO leader's role in helping initiate and guide the conference was highly constructive. His continued participation and that of the great organization he represents will lend this movement indispensable strength.

DIRECTLY related to the events at the Continental Hotel is the Illinois election struggle. This is a microcosm of the national scene. The Illinois Republican Party, which yelps lustily from out of the vest-pocket of Col. Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*, represents the extreme pro-fascist wing of the GOP. The *Tribune* is a fabulous newspaper, beside which even its kid brother, the New York *Daily News*, and the Hearst press seem liberal. In Germany today any newspaper which dared to defend the war criminals convicted at Nuremberg would be suppressed and its publisher jailed, but in the United States the Chicago *Tribune* denounced the verdict, called the tribunal a "lynch court," and accused the Soviet Union, Britain, France and the United States under Roosevelt of having waged criminal aggressive war during the period when the Nazis launched their bloody assault on mankind. The *Tribune's* views on domestic affairs are cut out of the same cloth. And the voice of the *Tribune* is *vox populi* as far as the Republican Congressional delegation from Illinois is concerned. Ten of the GOP candidates for Congress have been endorsed by the fascist fuehrer, Gerald L. K. Smith. Not one has repudiated the endorsement.

I wish it were possible to say that the condition of the Illinois Democratic Party is flourishing. It isn't. Like the Democratic Party elsewhere it finds itself unable either to embrace or to break away from the Truman policies. However, among the membership and a section of the leadership there is a rising groundswell of opposition to the Truman course. The Wallace episode has had wider repercussions than appears on the surface. I have it on good authority that at least two top Democratic leaders, Alderman George Kells, state chairman of the party, and Jacob M. Arvey, Cook County chairman, are highly sympathetic to the Wallace outlook. The strength of progressive sentiment in the Democratic Party has also been reflected in the state platform, which is more advanced than the one adopted in 1944 and demands that the Southern bourbons be read out of the party. In that situation the big power in the Democratic Party, Mayor Kelly of Chicago, who was one of the prime architects of the Truman candidacy at the 1944 Democratic national convention, is trying to reconcile all trends. In a recent speech he said: "Let's get out and elect Congressmen who believed in President Roosevelt and will uphold President Truman's hands." Which is quite a feat of political gymnastics.

The Democratic Congressional delegation, eleven in all, is better than most, and even the most conservative

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among them is far to the left of any of the Republicans. Nevertheless, there is serious danger that the GOP—and remember, in this state it's McCormick's GOP—will cut down this delegation unless the independent voters rally to their support as they did two years ago. Unfortunately the CIO is divided by an internecine struggle and though there is formal unity in the Political Action Committee, the crusading spirit of '44 is lacking. The AFL has gone on record for setting up political action groups, which is a step forward, but as yet not much work has been done. The Communists are everywhere a dynamic independent force, but they need lots of help if the tide now running in favor of the Republicans is to be turned.

An important factor here is the Independent Voters of Illinois. This group, which was represented at the Conference of Progressives, has set up organization in the wards, largely in the middle-class neighborhoods. The IVI will undoubtedly produce a good many votes for progressive candidates.

Outside of Chicago the problem is similar to that in upstate New York. The farmers are preponderantly conservative and Republican. Some progress has, however, been made this year in planting the seeds of farmer-labor cooperation. This may, as one farm leader I spoke to expressed it, "increase the Democratic minority among the farmers." Hans Spading, Democratic candidate in the Sixteenth Congressional District against the Republican incumbent, Everett M. Dirksen, is a former farmer who is now a worker in the Caterpillar Tractor plant in Peoria and a member of the CIO Farm Equipment workers union. He has behind him an active committee comprising both workers and farmers. Spading is emphasizing the peace issue and there is strong response to this among the farmers.

PERHAPS the brightest part of the Illinois election picture, at least as far as Chicago is concerned, is the campaign of three independent candidates for the state legislature, Dorothea S. Allen, Sylvia Woods and Claude Lightfoot. Mrs. Woods is a war widow and mother of two small children. A graduate of the Northwestern University School of Journalism, she has been a leader in community struggles. Miss Woods is a young and very able Negro member of the CIO United Automobile Workers, and Lightfoot is the leading Negro Communist in Chicago's South Side.

The other night I went over to the Frances Cabrini housing project in the northwestern part of Chicago, where 586 Negro and white workingclass families live in peace and neighborliness. In one of the apartments lives Mrs. Allen with her two children. She wasn't home, so I dropped in to see one of her neighbors. There I found a group of people busy with election work. This is a grass-roots campaign —the real thing. It's aroused community spirit and community initiative. And it's being conducted along unconventional lines. One of the campaign workers walked over with me to the corner of Cambridge and Oak Streets where a large Navy hospital tent, purchased from the government, has been set up. And that's where Mrs. Allen—Dot, they call her—is holding her election rallies. Inside I found a group of men, Negroes and whites, busy building supports for the sagging tent. One fellow who was sawing a two-by-four was introduced to me as a man who was voting Republican, and also for Mrs. Allen.

We returned to the neighbor's house. As our host was preparing to pour the coffee, in walked the candidate herself, back from one of her meetings. She proved to be a decidedly comely woman with wit and charm and an interest in international as well as local affairs. She is chairman of an organization with a strange name, "Back of the Gold Coast Citizens, Inc." You see, the people of this district—Italians, Negroes, Filipinos, Japanese-Americans, Jews—live just back of Chicago's Gold Coast with its luxurious homes—back of it geographically, and terribly far back economically. Mrs. Allen's organization, which comprises various other community groups as well as individual members, has been formed to look after the interests of the forgotten men and women and children back of the Gold Coast. And because they are determined not to remain forgotten they want to send Dorothea Allen to the state assembly. And as I sat talking to this young American woman, whose husband was killed fighting fascism, and to her neighbors gathered in the room, I saw in that small campaign, so packed with excitement and intimacy and cooperative effort and love of people, the large meaning of the Conference of Progressives.

Senator Rankest Says:

"And you, my faithful constituents, have made possible this artistic masterpiece."

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HAMLET'S HOMELAND TODAY

"Little Denmark is afraid of finding herself a pawn in the imperialist game of certain strong powers." A Soviet journalist reports on the Danes.

By DAVID ZASLAVSKY

"AFTER the devastated cities of Europe it is so pleasant to find a country that has not suffered from the war," a foreign journalist, carried away by the prosperous appearance of the Danish islands, observed to a very influential Danish statesman.

The latter protested vigorously. He spoke of the damages sustained by Danish industry and agriculture under the occupation, and claimed that the people of Denmark had also suffered during the war, perhaps no less than the people of certain other countries.

There was some truth to what he said, though we must agree on the exact definition of the verb "to suffer." There is no doubt that Denmark did not have an easy time of it under the Germans. The Danish people felt the weight of the yoke of fascism; they drained the bitter cup of national humiliation. Unquestionably, too, the aftermath of the war and the occupation is still making itself felt. But there can be no denying the obvious fact that there are no ruins in Copenhagen, and that the traveler in this country does not see fire-gutted villages or battle-churned terrain. The Danes do not flaunt fine clothes, but neither do they bear that stamp of threadbare shabbiness which speaks so eloquently of wartime destitution in other lands.

At first glance Copenhagen looks the same as it did before the war and its hundreds of thousands of cyclists still make it a city of unique appearance. The throngs which fill its streets tear along, and when the traffic lights turn against the stream at an intersection the street is instantaneously jammed with a crowd on wheels. Although the Danes are a quiet, unassuming people and Copenhagen's singular architecture is pleasantly cozy, the universal popularity of the bike makes it perhaps the liveliest of all large European cities. Copenhagen has over a million inhabitants and almost half a million bicycles.

The well-dressed show windows, the lush green of the numerous parks, automobiles of diverse European and American make in good condition, full tables at outdoor cafes and the gay, noisy crowd in the Tivoli all seem to testify to the comparative well-being of the country. The reverse side of this apparent prosperity, however, reveals itself at once—as soon as the plane comes to a standstill at the Copenhagen airport. Here the visitor from abroad is politely asked how long he proposes to stay in Denmark.

"Eight days?"

And he is given eight cards, each for thirty grams of butter. Ration cards for butter in this proverbial land of butter! It almost sounds like a joke. Is it possible that Denmark's famous dairy herds cannot supply enough butter for her population? Then you discover, first, that there are less cattle than before, and second, that butter in Denmark means export trade, much-needed foreign currency, and hence the state strictly reserves all the butter in excess of the limited consumption for export.

So Denmark's present-day economy immediately reveals the characteristic features of the import-export situation. And Danish national economy is largely based on foreign trade.

The visitor drops into a barbershop. He need not have recourse to statistics to see the rolling up of the textile industry reflected in the paper napkin, shreds of which the barber picks off his chin after the shave.

In stores the foreigner sees respectable Danes poring over their ration books before buying an article of clothing, and then surrendering their coupons to the sales clerk's inexorable scissors with reluctance. Moreover, the light fabric they thus acquire is far from the best quality. Danish manufactured goods never enjoyed a high reputation in Europe, and the well-to-do buyer used to have a choice of German, Swedish, British goods. Now you could not find them if you went through the stores of Copenhagen with a fine-toothed comb, for there is no import trade.

Of course people who were accustomed to high-grade imported goods can wait. But the cattle, for instance, which were accustomed to imported oil cake, cannot wait. Pre-war Denmark was the world's greatest butter and egg exporter. The principal buyer was Britain, which also took Denmark's bacon. Copenhagen itself was an enormous butter, egg and bacon emporium. Now it awaits the return of its former customers, but these are terribly pinched for foreign currency. In London eggs cost a shilling (20¢) each, and are bought for children as a special treat. I saw some foreigners pounce on an omelet as if it were some extraordinary delicacy, and they took huge parcels of eggs back to England with them. On the closing day of the international congress of newspapermen the foreign delegates received butter, cheese and ham as a present from Danish farmers.

Denmark mirrors the absurd contradictions of the capitalist system. Europe is starving, yearning for fats and dreaming of butter. Yet impoverished Europe cannot afford Danish butter. More than a year passed since the war and the occupation ended. One would think that Denmark should have been able to restore her national economy. But she cannot do it alone.

A LAUNCH took us around Copenhagen harbor. It is a large harbor, one of the best and technically most up-to-date ports in Europe. It gave rise to the city itself, whose Danish name, Kobenhavn, means Trade Haven. At first the city was an appendix to the port, which even now is Copenhagen's soul, the Alpha and Omega of its foreign trade.

We slipped by picturesque embankments buried in greenery and gazed at the panorama of one of the world's most beautiful cities. It is crowned by the majestic dome of the palace housing the *Riksdag*. The spires of old Gothic towers soar into the sky, the twisted spire of Copenhagen's temple —the stock exchange—unique among them. Drawbridges swung up to let

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our boat pass, and endless columns of cyclists formed immediately on both sides. We cruised past the vast dockyards, past huge, rusty hulks of old steamers abandoned by the Germans.

Pier after pier slipped by, all equipped with powerful cranes, but there were ships only at a few. Before the war, the monthly turnover amounted to nearly 700,000 displacement tons. The occupation cut this to about 65,000 tons, and the number of ships to 600. In April this year, 1,211 ships put in, which is still far below pre-war. The port is, of course, reviving, but slowly, with no feeling of stability or certainty.

We saw the pier where ships in the Iceland trade used to dock. Now one solitary and deserted ship stood at the pier. This does not signify that the ports of Iceland too are lifeless. There you find American ships, with cargoes of diverse goods that can scarcely be called prime necessities for Icelanders. We noticed that people here talked about Iceland with reserve and reluctance. Once at a hospitable reception we met a modern Han d'Islande. Some aniseed whiskey, a popular drink in Denmark, endowed his speech with imagery and color, and in language quite devoid of diplomatic delicacy he expressed the sentiments of the inhabitants of Iceland today who have not become accustomed to the American occupation.

The farther out toward the open sea you go, the wider the harbor becomes, and at the very exit is Copenhagen's free port. The Danes consider this one of the biggest centers of international commerce. Once it was the distribution center for goods destined for a substantial part of Europe. Now the condition of world trade finds a striking illustration in the emptiness of the free port.

Forty-fourth Street Gallery.

"Baiser de Circonstance," by Daumier.

OUR bus sped across the flat country of Zealand along excellent roads. Later, from the windows of a railway coach, we saw the fields of Fyn Island and the rolling landscape of Northern Jutland. Denmark consists of 495 large and small islands and one peninsula. Straits cut up the country like canals, but for all that you can travel from one end of Denmark to the other without leaving the railway coach. The trains make their sea voyages in the holds of huge sea-going ferries.

Denmark is a highly developed live-stock-raising country. The Danish red dairy cattle have earned world fame; Danish horses are excellent. Yet we did not see a single herd of cattle or drove of horses. The entire country has been parcelled up into medium-sized and small holdings, each with its farmhouse amid the fields. There are no villages, but these farms cover all the visible countryside. On a green plot set apart for grazing nearly every farm has a few cows and horses, but even they do not graze together. Each cow has been allotted its own area and its ration of grass; they are tethered to stakes driven into the ground at equal intervals.

At first glance all of Denmark is a country of petty peasant farming. That is what her apologists sometimes say: but appearances are frequently deceptive. A closer scrutiny reveals that there is a substantial differentiation between farms. There are large holdings, with spacious farm buildings and land areas which, though not too extensive, are by no means small. Then there are more modest holdings, with tile-roofed buildings and five or six cows each. And there are also tiny cottages with thatched roofs that have no outbuildings or sheds or pastures or cattle to graze. Next to them you see only vegetable plots. In these poor cottages, of which there is a goodly number scattered among the well-to-do farms, live the agricultural laborers.

The Danish landscape taken as a whole is that of a country of capitalist agriculture, where the well-to-do farmer is to all intents and purposes a small landlord. The word "peasant" is used somewhat loosely in Denmark, and when a Minister is called "an ordinary peasant," this is to be understood to mean an ordinary landlord of the Danish variety.

We saw a good many horse-drawn agricultural implements and—though we viewed a sizable area—only one tractor. Moreover, a tractor, not to speak of a combine, would have no scope for action among the fences, hedges and ditches that bound the farms. The sown fields, nevertheless,

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are neat and even, and the crops in good condition, which testifies to a high level of tillage. The Danes are an industrious people, and agriculture-producing for export has long been their specialty. Nature here is not particularly lavish; the soil as such is poor, and its fertility depends on the use of fertilizers, of which Denmark used to import considerable quantities. Fodder, too, is largely imported. That explains why the relative idleness of the port of Copenhagen sows alarm in the hearts of all Danes. Men may be able to regulate their tastes and limit their requirements, but a cow, for all its good nature, insists on its share of fodder, and Denmark's own fodder resources are far from sufficient.

The Danish scene has soft, poetic beauty. Although there are no mountains, deep valleys or waterfalls, and only the blue ribbons of straits caress the eye with a beauty all their own, one can understand the attachment of the Danes to their country. The vast majority of the population has close ties with the soil.

We visited a model dairy farm, one of which the government is proud. Here scientific research is combined with production of high-grade cheese. A dais had been set up on the green grass under the fruit trees and from it one of the agricultural leaders lectured about milk, cheese and butter. Young people in dazzlingly white smocks showed us huge separators set up in halls that resembled the wards of a large clinic. We saw countless shelves for ready heads of cheese, but scarcely a quarter of them was in use.

But behind all this science and efficiency the invisible drama of Danish exports made itself felt. It permeates all of Denmark's life, her policy, her press and her literature. It evolves into a philosophy of fear, uncertainty, skepticism. The long-awaited peace is here. Denmark is free. But the great dairy mart is rather empty and deserted: there is little to sell and buyers are exceedingly scarce.

THE tenor of life in contemporary Denmark has tangible elements of the past that have their roots in feudal times. In architecture the new buildings betray the latest trends. Danish artists go in for modernism and Danish intellectuals keep abreast of West European and American novelties. Nevertheless, the stolid conservatism of the farmer exists side by side with this striving toward the advanced forms of bourgeois life. This mixture of modern culture with patriarchal inertness takes curious forms. A good portion of the Danish population clings jealously to the old and fears everything new. Fascism did not thrive in this country, but political reaction, narrow and blind, has struck rather deep root.

The Danish people prize their independence. And that makes it all the more strange to see a hotel on the main street of Copenhagen which even today bears the sign: "For British Officers Only." It is strange to see signs giving the address of the British military police; strange to see British soldiers on the streets of Copenhagen. The Danes cannot explain these oddities.

There was a time when Denmark was a war-like country. Her intrepid warriors, the Vikings, actually succeeded in subjugating the greater part of England for some fifty years: that was a very long time ago. But Danish literature recalls the Vikings with romantic pleasure. There are monuments to them, and many a manager of a butter and egg firm likes to think of himself as a rugged descendant of the formidable conquerors whenever it is a question of fighting new trends in politics or literature.

In Northern Jutland, over the grave of a celebrated Viking, there stands a large slab with an old-fashioned inscription. The name of that Viking was Hamlet. He lived in the sixth century. Shakespeare used the Hamlet saga for his tragedy. Skipping a thousand years, he placed his Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, in Elsinore, where the Kronborg fortress was raised. Hamlet was given a new life, more real than his ancestor. It is of this Hamlet that Denmark is proud.

As you wander through the halls of Elsinore, the guide in all seriousness points out the room in which Polonius was killed, the doors at which the unfortunate prince addressed Ophelia, the hall where the criminal king was murdered—just as if all this had really happened. Then, leading from the rampart of the castle, they show you the path on which the ghost of Hamlet's father walked.

To this day a sentry stands on the rampart. On the other side of the Sound, about three kilometres away, the high Swedish coast is clearly visible. Once upon a time, when Kronborg was not a museum exhibit but a real fortress, both shores of the Sound belonged to Denmark and the vessels of all countries passing from the North Sea into the Baltic and back had to pay toll to the Danes. This made the Kronborg of Elsinore famous in its day, and that is why Shakespeare chose it as the setting for his Hamlet.

Now the place has acquired fame of a different kind. It is associated with the heroic resistance movement. On dark nights intrepid people crossed the Sound, some in frail boats, others swimming across. The strait is not wide, but the current is strong. Hundreds and thousands of people were thus saved from the German fascist hangmen. Many anti-fascists and Jews were helped across to the Swedish shore by courageous Danish youths.

We gazed at the strait touched by the glamor of the old and the new times, and on returning to the castle actually bumped into Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, Ophelia and Polonius. This was not a hallucination. It was a Norwegian troupe of actors. They were engaged in animated speculations concerning the possibilities of fair weather in the evening. Every summer some troupe or other gives a performance of *Hamlet* in the open air on the grounds of Elsinore castle. The benches can seat up to 1,500. The stage is built in the same style as the palace, and there are spotlights and loudspeakers. People come from Copenhagen to see the play and tickets are usually sold out several days in advance. We were unlucky. A pouring rain frightened the "ghosts," and there was no show.

THE little house in Odense where Hans Christian Andersen spent his life is now a national museum. Andersen's fairy tales are the Danish people's priceless contribution to world literature. The little house with the tiled roof is poor and touchingly simple: It was here that *The Ugly Duckling* and *The Steadfast Tin Soldier* were written. The stories that win our hearts in childhood are the most lasting impressions our memories receive; and so we, too, feel that we have a share in this great storyteller, poet, educator and friend of children.

The Danes are proud of their illustrious compatriot, and regard him as the classic expression of the national traits of the Danish people. He loved his country, loved the peaceful little town where his father, a poor shoemaker, lived in constant want, where his mother washed clothes for a living,

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Refregier Covers a Debut

The other night at their mansion, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Fitz Patrick presented their charming and gifted daughter, Babar, to the city's select. The guests started arriving at 11 and soon the place, decorated at a rumored cost of $75,000, began to hum and glitter with who is who of the smart set.

The season's first deb, wearing a gown of Belgian lace flown from Paris, greeted the arriving guests standing under a spray of orchids imported on ice from Japan.

In a fairyland-like setting, reminiscent of the old world, glittering with imperial pomp and splendor, the guests danced late into the night. The season has officially opened.

The cake wound around with a ticker tape of glazed fruits and studded with real pearls and rubies, the fowl and the rare delicacies from the four corners of the globe were much enjoyed by the guests.

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and where the great poet himself suffered privation for many years before he achieved fame, world recognition and material security. Andersen travelled a great deal in Europe. He counted many a literary celebrity of the first half of the last century among his personal friends. But he always returned to his Odense. He loved children and mankind; his stories radiate optimism. He belonged to the progressive circles of his time. A contemporary of his in Denmark was Soren Kierkegaard (1813-1855), the hermit philosopher who is known to only a few in Denmark today. Latterly, however, for certain circles of the West European intelligentsia, he has become one of the most popular of Danes, and his fame is beginning to spread to America.

Kierkegaard is considered the forerunner of the fashionable philososophical theory known as existentialism, a theory of spiritual desolation, nonbelief, disillusionment, nihilism. Curious are the titles of some of Kierkegaard's philosophical works: *On Irony; Fear and Trembling; On Fear*. He was afraid of people and shrank from contact with them. He never travelled outside of Denmark. In a word, he was the exact opposite of Andersen; but it cannot be said that he did not partake of the characteristic features of his countrymen. Perhaps he shared in an exaggerated degree the insularity and limited horizons of the farmer's conception of life prevalent in remote corners of Jutland. Kierkegaard's fear of life was a fear of those new ideas and trends that came to Denmark from the big world of Europe during the revolutionary years of the earlier part of last century. Evidence of a similar fear can be observed today in the Danish reactionary press. Little Denmark looks with apprehension at the big world where postwar storms are raging.

This applies, of course, to the old political parties, to the intellectuals of the old type. Here one encounters apprehension, disappointment and uncertainty. But the Danish people are no longer the same as they were before the war: some important changes have taken place. This was reflected in the results of the elections to the *Riksdag* on Oct. 30, 1945, when the old Social-Democratic Party, which had compromised itself by collaborating with the Germans, suffered defeat. New forces have emerged, forces born of the resistance movement. Those who defended the independence and self-respect of the Danish nation during the occupation are treated with great respect. Participation in the resistance movement is the highest praise that can be bestowed upon any political figure. Symptomatic in this respect is the success of the Communist Party, which secured eighteen seats in parliament.

BEFORE the war Denmark maintained close economic ties with Germany. Nevertheless, the Danish people were not over-fond of the Germans. The German annexation of Schleswig-Holstein in 1864 still rankled. In 1920 part of this Danish province was returned to Denmark, but the Germans in southern Schleswig retaliated by intensifying the policy of compulsory Germanization. The occupation gave back all of Schleswig-Holstein to Germany; more, the Hitlerites talked of turning the whole of Denmark into a German province of Nordland. During the occupation the Germans ate Denmark out of house and home and carried off her industrial equipment. The northern part of Schleswig was overrun with German settlers. Denmark was faced with the prospect of national extinction; resistance to the Germans meant self-preservation. The Hitlerite occupation left a deep hatred for the German invaders, and it is not only the memories of German brutalities and insolence that will keep it fresh. There are problems connected with Germany today that seriously affect the Danish people.

To begin with, the Germans are still fed by Denmark. This may sound paradoxical but it is true nevertheless, and the Danes themselves are partly to blame. Denmark was imprudent enough to open her frontiers to the Germans who fled there because they had good reason to avoid meeting the Allied forces. There are a good 250,000 of them now, which is a substantial horde of parasites for a country with a population of four million. The Danish government has undertaken an onerous burden.

The situation in Schleswig-Holstein has also become complicated. That section which was seized by Germany is now in the British zone of occupation and is filled with Germans who have fled from other occupied zones. This is a direct threat to the Danish minority in the south of Schleswig. Danish political circles are raising the question of the return of all Schleswig-Holstein to Denmark and the repatriation of German refugees and settlers.

These questions are agitating the Danish press. Little Denmark is afraid of finding herself a pawn in the imperialist game of certain strong powers who are endeavoring to recarve Europe in accordance with the plans of international reaction. In Denmark too, of course, there are not a few who prefer to trim their sails to the wind of Anglo-American reaction. But there are also others who are seeking a more reliable course to steer in the uncertain political weather of our times.

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PROPHETS OF PROFIT

A Guest Editorial by RALPH J. PETERS

KARL MARX had a word for it. He called it anarchy. A swift look around the economic scene turns up enough chaotic anarchy to prove that American capitalism is no exception.

To start with, here is a toothsome morsel from a recent issue of a business magazine: "US people will need to learn that a position of world leadership isn't a position that can be shouldered without cost. They'll need to learn, too, how to arrange things so that other peoples help with this cost, so that those who get protection and support and over-all management contribute a fee for the job. The British, when running things in the world, managed to make it pay. US will need to do the same, or this new venture can backfire when going gets rough."

And then consider this: In his latest public opinion survey, Elmo Roper asked this question: "If this country should get into another big war in the next twenty-five years, do you think that we would or would not come out of it with the same capitalistic system of doing business as we now have?" The answer: Yes, 38 percent; No, 37.9 percent; Don't know, 24.1 percent. The noes almost had it, and, considering that we have not yet had a repetition of the first postwar depression the poll indicates an unexpected skepticism on the part of the American people as to the survival value of the capitalist system. All the more remarkable in view of the incessant campaign of press, radio and screen to sell the virtues and virility of "free enterprise."

And there we have one of the major paradoxes. The gangster wing of the American capitalist class eager to start a worldwide protection and shakedown racket, while half of our citizens who have any opinions on the matter are not even convinced of the eternal values of the capitalist system right here at home.

When we turn to an examination of domestic affairs, we find the confusion ten times confounded. Production is booming along at a level that shatters all peacetime records, while the stock market, usually understood to be an accurate indicator of capitalist expectations, staggers like a drunk. To the capitalist, unfortunately for those of us who just live here minding our own business, production is not necessarily the important thing. What he is interested in is profits, and he seems to feel that the profit outlook is not good enough to keep him interested in maintaining high production. Here is a little lecture on the subject which appeared not long ago in one of the business magazines: "The people who invest in the stock market look for earnings. They see the trend going down in the durable goods industries. This year's figures are not an accurate reflection of actual operations because under the terms of the excess profits law, the government permits a carryback credit so that this year's losses may be offset in part by 1945 profits. But the carryback provisions expire on Dec. 31, 1946. Next year corporate earnings will reveal actual operations. Losses are feared already in many lines because volume of production, while rising, is not likely to be sufficient to permit fair profits."

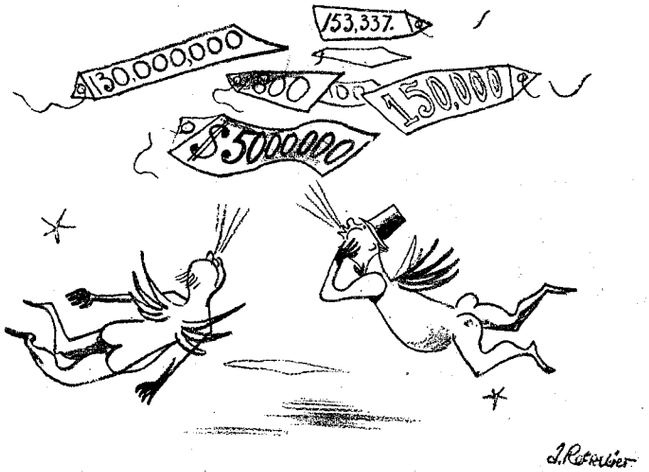
In other words, we the people have been supporting many of the corporations in the manner to which they became accustomed during the war. They may have developed grandiose ideas, because during the war years corporate profits averaged $9,500,000,000 per annum as compared to the 1936-39 average of $3,900,000,000. And if they cannot make their idea of what constitutes a fair profit come true, they may very well close down. But in the meantime dividends are being declared at a rate in excess of 1945.

The industrial plant expanded so much during the war, the capital invested is now so large, that it requires a greater mass of profit to provide the capitalists with what they might consider a fair return. But at the same time purchasing power has not kept pace. In a recent article in NEW MASSES (Sept. 17, 1946) I showed that real wages in manufacturing had fallen from the wartime peak to June 1946 by thirty percent. The latest figures for July 1946 indicate a further sharp drop.

1946	*Factory Payrolls*	*Consumer price Index*	*Real factory Payrolls*
June	100	100	100
July	101	106	95

Real wages in manufacturing dropped a further five percent from June to July, making a total decline of thirty-five percent since the wartime peak year of 1944.

BUT even in the face of this situation the big corporations, paced by the meatpacking monopolies, have initiated an all-out campaign to destroy the remaining vestiges of price control. The lust for profit is so violent and blind that the struggle against price control goes on in spite of the consequences, which are already apparent to the more sober business observers. One business magazine says: "Prices already appear to be approaching the point where they are reducing sales volume. July sales of retail stores dropped 2.9 percent in volume from June, although, in value, sales gained 3.5 percent during the month. Rising prices and declining volume are signs that buyers are beginning to be squeezed. Analysis of the sales picture indicates an undercurrent of



J. Refregier
Refregier.

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consumer resistance, probably because buyers are getting priced out of markets. . . . The cream obviously has been skimmed off the market for clothing, food and other non-durable goods. Outlook is for an irregular decline in sales volume of non-durables."

The corporations' greed in running up prices has finally reached the point where the American people have been compelled to cut down their purchase of food, clothing and other necessities. But that does not make the corporations any more reasonable; they want higher prices still.

Increased labor productivity has become the standard war cry of the medicine men of capitalism. According to them it is the sure cure for everything that ails the economic system. If labor would only produce more, our worries would be over. As a matter of fact labor productivity is higher now than it has ever been in the peacetime history of the United States. And that means that labor is producing more things in a given unit of time.

But the capitalists want more. The Committee for Economic Development, a group of "broad-minded businessmen," puts increased productivity as Number One in its immediate program for curing our economic ills. In the first place it is an excellent way to increase profits—because if a worker produces more in the same time and, as is tacitly assumed, at the same wages, then a bigger share of the product goes to the capitalist. But the long-term results are even more serious, because if more is produced and wages do not keep pace, then there are relatively more goods to buy and relatively less money to buy them with. The net result of this panacea, recommended by business economists and even such people as William Green of the AFL, would be to intensify all the stresses and strains under which our body economic is now suffering and hasten a new depression.

This very brief survey has touched upon only the most outstanding contradictions in modern, postwar American capitalism. Anarchy is the word that describes it. But we have seen enough to realize the bankruptcy of the monopolists, whose drive for profits pushes our country into an ever more intolerable position, as well as the insanity of the capitalist's only prescription for a cure.

PANORAMA OF BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, 1939

By Arthur Gregor

Danger meant a forcibly grimaced moment.

A difficult instant that overcome
lay healing in blue vineyards of the sun
Sloping the outskirts; or emerged
as tram-signal stamped on pavement,
Like sudden tones of thin tin-sheets
hammered on an empty road;
And more often,
danger overcome giggled
and turned amused, fightless in wine glass
on straw table along the street,
opposite the Gare du Boulogne.

September 1—and the waves are vast
and clearly green beneath the fuzz in white
that thins and ends the sea.
A sentimental lad sits dreaming on harmonica
in blue-striped blouse and sailor cap.
It is silent around his dream-drenched purple corner,
and beautiful to the waking ear
are dreamer's sentiments that cut the air.

This day again the streets turn yellow
from the blueing sky, yet there are unusual efforts
digging pits near post office, school and Holland-America-Line.
People are gathered around with portfolios
and red radishes hanging from a market bag,
and do not seem to understand
or want to understand the sudden meaning
of bags of sand in white and tan cloth.

The far-off foghorns and signals
of fishing boats are constant,
while from the cliff the bather dives
and strikes pools of clear undercurrent-voices of the sea.
He seeks the white grains in sudden whirls on beach,
sees pieces of rusting metal
gunning dull flame reflections of the sun,
men in uniform with friends in desperate embraces nearby—

and suddenly, calmly, hears the cry
Dull in tidal waves nearing to sweep sunken
the white beach of Boulogne,
and hears it clearly from the cliff
—*Hitler Attaque La Pologne*—
Gripped unprepared the wave tears his neck
and throws him between cutting shells and slimy plants
—a green that steals from iris all immediate hopes—
he gropes and fights and with one last leap
is spat out on the beach, and again the call
—*Hitler Attaque La Pologne*—.

September 3—and foghorns are forbidden and silent in Boulogne,
and the straw tables across the station tilt glasses
and wine bottles flow in bitter neglect;
the waitress wails—he is gone, gone off to war—
And stones sink as grief in parting is signalled
in engine-fire-spark and tearing fibres of each swollen heart
that stays behind and rends wild the station,
the numbed hotel across in sudden pain of danger being born.

Out of such silence, out of the grief from deserted corners,
from mud of sinking stones from grief-drunk minds
and torn, displaced hearts; out of eyes in shelter
across the school and eyes behind blinded windows
swallowing insane fright, rises the sound that fire-parts
the sky and rises and falls and wails and explodes
the water-pails of hopping pigs, crazes the dog
gazing from window-sill on the wild stillness without,
the sound that dies down in impossible warning
and sprays suspense on tense, desolate street,

as the hum of planes draws nearer and the uneven street
swims in unknown mood of danger.

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BIG FISH

Cappy at his elbow, gaff-hook in his hand. Smell of sweat in the sun. Northern voices. Southern voices. "My God, what a fish!"

A Short Story by ALAN STOLTMAN

Illustrated by Joseph Stefanelli.

SATURDAY came, warm and fine—fishing weather. Frankie felt it as he hummed and prepared his tackle. He ran his long black fingers over the shiny new bamboo rod. Slim and long like a gir—like Debby.

I had a gal, she was long and tall—moved her body just like a cannon ball.

Frankie grinned. That's Debby. *Whisssht!* He whipped the rod through the air, feeling its quiver. Cost me a peck of dough, but you going to be worth it. Throw a plug a mile—like a cannon ball—with you.

Last night. Debby bawling him out.

"You there, Frankie Lawton, fancyman. Cane pole ain't good enough for you like other folks. Oh no—got to buy one of them white folks' pole. Got to—"

"Rod, honey, this a rod—no pole."

"Pole to me! Catch fish any better cause you call it a rod? All that money! What you going to do for food next week? Go on—tell me!"

Soft. "Baby, baby, man's got to have his fun too." Lips against her neck, chin digging into her warm shoulder.

"I knows Frankie, but—*Frankie!*" Laughing now, twisting her softness close to him. "Somethin' the matter all of a sudden? Ain't I fun enough for you?"

Yah.

His promise before he left. "Fishin's going to be more than fun tomorrow, honey. Fishin's going to be for you, that's what. Going to catch you the bigges' fish in the whole state of Florida. Going to catch the whole ocean for you."

"Better you catches yourself a reg'lar job, but if you fishin' for me

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tomorrow—well, mebbe I forgives you."

The sun was coming up now. Frankie unjointed his rod, slipping the sections into a cloth case. Cappy be along right quick now.

Cappy was white but regular. Neither he nor Frankie worked steadily—Cappy because he'd rather fish—and Frankie was "one of those uppity niggers," people said, and wouldn't give him work.

Cappy's Ford rattled down the croad. The car stopped, motor chugging. Cappy waved, hollering, "Ready?"

"Let's go get 'em, Cappy," said Frankie, leaping in. As the car roared off, he grinned at the other man.

Cappy grinned back at him. "You're sure a plumb happy looking man this morning. What you hiding behind those teeth?"

"Fixin' to go fishin', ain't we? Need anythin' more?"

Steering with one hand, Cappy pulled at his nose, peering slyly at Frankie. "That hain't what you always tells me."

Frankie laughed—high and happy. He bobbed his head vigorously. "Yop, yop, but that's what I'm tellin' y'all this morning."

Cappy chuckled. "That case then, I knows you and that gal of your'n is gitting along right good."

"Aaah. You knows too all-fired much for one man, Cappy."

"I knows that gal is going to put a rope around your neck come one of these days, and then I have to git myself a new fishing partner."

"Aaaahh!"

Rope around his neck. Not Debby. Take good care of a woman. Never no trouble. Frankie sat silent for a few moments as the Ford jounced along.

The breeze brought him the odors of the bay water. He brightened. "Where y'all want to make it today, Cappy?"

"Wherever the best fishing is."

"Naw—you gittin' sassy agin. Best fishin's on the lower causeway—white folks only. Catch me down around their water, they sure like to throw me in it."

"It's a sight sweeter fishing there. Hain't good sense wasting that new rod in the upper bay—nothing but some piddlin' little old minnows there."

"Dog take it, Cappy, ain't I just told—"

"Hain't no call for to worry. We'll go on one of them bridges where them Northern sports are at." Cappy spoke scornfully now. "By the time *they* come traipsin' around, we be done fishing. Ain't nothing to act rabbity-like about."

No call to worry . . . All right for you, Cappy . . . Catch me there and—. He shook his head. "Supposin' someone comes. Be trouble for you bringin' me there."

Cappy spat over the car's side. "That's what I think about trouble."

Shame. Cappy not like the others. But . . . his hand tightened around the rod, feeling its supple strength under the cloth case. *Catch the whole ocean.* He felt the tug of a fish biting, the rod jumping. . . .

I hadn't ought to do it. Don't want no trouble.

Just want to fish . . . like it so fine. . . . *Man's got to have his fun.*

He turned to his friend. "Let's go get 'em, Cappy."

AN HOUR later, the two men sat alone on the low stone bridge, legs dangling, lines in the water. Beside them lay a few small fish, gills weakly flapping. An occasional gull soared overhead. The early morning sun flashed, tipped the rippling bay, transforming it to a sea of dancing quivering diamonds.

Slup slup slup.

Waves gently slapped against the bridge's squat rock pilings. The breeze billowed their lines, sent tufts of white clouds lazily sailing across the sun-streaked blue sky. A pungent smell of heated tar rose from the roadway spanning the long bridge. The stone under them was warm.

Frankie tucked his rod under his armpit, reaching in a pocket with the other hand for a sandwich. He broke it in two, offering Cappy half. They munched silently, eyes intent on their lines. Frankie slowly reeled his in.

"Goin' to change bait. Mebbe try me a plug."

"Them plumb sorry looking things? They only looks good to you. Fish don't give a damn about them."

"Man you is an awful dumbhead sometime. Fish go for them plugs like bees for the honey."

"Bees is dumber than fish."

"You ever stuck for an answer? Someday, Cappy you goin'—"

Zzzzzweeeeeet! Clickety click!

Frankie's reel screeched. He snapped up his rod for the strike. It almost yanked from his grasp. He scrambled to a standing position. Line paid out at dangerous speed.

"Big one Cappy—cain't hold 'em—Lordy he's big!"

"Goddammit keep that tip up or you're going to lose 'em sure'n hell! Up! Up!"

"Too big—uh—umph!"

"Drag off! Loosen that drag! Let 'em run! Don't try and stop 'em now—he's a'jumping! Tip down—down goddamit! Lookit the size of 'em! It's—tarpon! Frankie—tarpon!"

A huge silvery shape crashed out of the water.

"Too heavy! Smash my rod sure'n—"

Blunt head shaking determinedly, the tarpon flopped back with a thunderous splash. Frankie's rod arched, bent double, shivered and strained.

"You're going to do it, Frankie, you're going to do it! He stop running! Reel in! Play 'em boy—play 'em!"

"Yop yop! Gonna gonna gonna! Man how big!"

Tremors from the fish's struggle jarred down the rod, up Frankie's arm, into his body. The strong life of the hooked creature coursed through him.

"Reel in! Pump!"

"Too strong—"

Rolling, twisting, the great tarpon fought the slim strength of the whipping rod.

"Let 'em run! Now—pump!"

"Umph!"

"Keep that tip up!"

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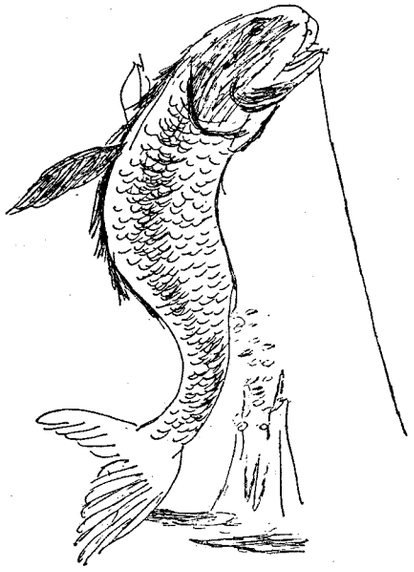
The tarpon charged violently about the bay.

Ten—fifteen—twenty minutes—a half hour. The sun rose higher. Its rays grew hotter. Frankie's clothes and face soaked with sweat.

Head thrown back, he laughed into the sun. The line hummed; there was tremulous life in the gleaming bamboo rod. His tiring but excited body throbbed to the tugs and straining runs of the well-hooked fish. Spray flicked at his face.

Scattered clouds threw shifting



shadows on the sunlit water. The tarpon ploughed through the dark patches, vanishing and reappearing. The water boiled in his wake. *Clickety clickety.*

"Hee hoo! Meat in the pot!"

Cappy clapped Frankie's back.

"Don't count your tarpon before you catches him."

A warm breeze slid over Frankie's skin, flapped his shirt. Brine flavored his mouth. Heart airy, he pumped the reel rhythmically, humming to himself.

—like a cannon ball
Fare thee well honey, fare thee well.
One of these days, and it won't—

OWNK! Ownk!

An automobile horn squawked. The grating noise jolted Frankie. He heard the sticky sound of tires on the tar roadway behind him. The automobile stopped.

A voice. Drunk. Drunk in the morning.

"What the hell—a goddam nigger a fishin' here!"

"What the Jeesus he got there—must for sure be a toad-strangler."

"Don't care what he's got. Hain't supposed to be any stinking niggers 'round here."

"Jeesus lookit the sunvabitch sweat!

"Let's for sure give him something to sweat about."

Brain and body divided, Frankie's clutch on the rod eased. It jumped in his hand as the tarpon dove deep. His eyes froze on the jerking rod, unable to look around. Cappy's voice, tight with dislike, came to him.

"Don't git your heat up. Leave the boy alone."

"What the hell we got here—a stinking nigger lover?"

A cloud edged in front of the sun. Its shadow slowly passed over Frankie. Sun blazed on one side of his face; the other side became dark and damp. *Zzzzzweeeeet.*

"Maybe he's a nigger hisself."

Clicketyclickety. The sun was a hot knife, slicing him in half. His stomach knotted, pain stabbed in his chest. *Clicketyclickety.*

Cappy snatched up a steel gaff-hook lying on a tackle-box. Its wicked point gleamed. "I said leave the boy, alone."

A sound stuck in Frankie's throat. The tarpon lunged.

"You aiming to take the part of a nigger?"

Sides flashing in the sun, the tarpon jumped.

"Lookit the size of that sunvabitch!"

"A whopper!"

"Dumb nigger's luck."

"Ain't that just like a dumb nigger—a trying to catch tarpon with a little old skinny pole like that!"

"Goin' to lose him sure'n tomorrow's a-coming."

The cloud shadow cleared Frankie, moved on.

"Hey black boy—land that tarpon, and we going to lynch you on your own fishing line—yes sir, that's what we a-going to do men—hang the nigger on his own fishing pole and line, haw haw."

"Haw haw."

"Don't land 'em and we lynches you anyway for a-fishing here."

"Haw haw."

"Whyn't you laugh too, nigger boy?"

"Don't pay 'em no mind Frankie—bunch of no accounts likkered up."

THE tarpon leaped again, its great body twisting. Frankie automatically braced himself for the run that would follow. Showering spray, the tarpon hit the water, zoomed on. The line knifed through the water. *Zzzzzweeeeet.*

"Watch out Frankie! Keep playing 'em!"

"Yah, then we a gonna play with you, haw haw."

Like a gigantic pulse, the fight of the fish beat into his aching body, his whirling mind. He was tied to the fish—the fish's life his life, sucking his strength.

The reel spun furiously. *Clicketyclicketyclickety* . . . tarpon going to catch me . . . get tarpon . . . white man get me . . . *Zzzzzweeeeet.*

Little hot tears of rage mingled with the sweat pouring down his face. . . .

Goddam you all!

The tarpon shot under the bridge. Frankie's rod bowed, close to the cracking point. He exerted all the check he dared without snapping the line, to turn the fast-moving fish.

"Haw haw, you a going to lose him for sure, nigger."

Blood pounding, breath indrawn, Frankie strained . . . steady . . . steady. . . .

"He's gone. You a-going next, haw haw."

His wrist shook. The last of the line began to leave the reel.

Clasping both hands around the rodbutt, Frankie leaned far back, risking the rod.

"The reel, Frankie—hand on the reel!"

The slim bamboo vibrated, bent lower—down—down. . . .

"Haw haw."

"Save the pole, nigger—we goin' to need it."

"Haw haw."

The tarpon stopped, swirled in re-

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verse. Frankie clawed the reel-handle to take up slack line. The fish sped past the bridge's shadow, its mammoth bulk furrowing the surface of the bay. Waves rolled toward the shores.

"Good boy Frankie!"

"Lucky nigger."

The sun rose higher. Motorists passed on the boulevard near the bridge.

"Papa papa looka—a big fish!"

"A what? Hey hey lookit, Mary!"

"Say whatinell's that out in the bay, Joe?"

"Let's take a looksee, huh?"

"Someone's hooked hisself one out there."

"Well what you-all waitin' on? Let's poke on over."

"Papa, I wanna go by the fish."

"Sure sure, sonny—that's what we came to Florida for."

Cars headed toward the bridge.

Frankie heard the metallic bang of automobile doors slamming behind him. He wouldn't look—every fibre of his body was for the thrashing tarpon. Only a small part of his brain shot thoughts to him.

Faces all around—white faces.

Cappy at his elbow, gaff-hook in hand. The smell of man-sweat in the hot sun. Voices. Northern voices. Southern voices.

"My god what a fish!"

"How the hell come a nigger here?"

"Holy mackerel—no I mean holy tarpon ha ha—big as they come."

"Who is he? What's going on?"

"Damn fool nigger."

"Ain't allowed here."

"Whaddya mean?"

"He's a nigger."

Zzzzzweeeeet.

Frankie labored under the bone-jarring lunges of the tarpon, body sore, arms leaden, throat chalk-dry. The sun flamed, poked hot fingers in his brain. *Clicketyclickety*. Water sky sun shade bridge fish people voices noise of whizzing line running reel—spun round in his ears and eyes—sight and sound overlapping in crazily whirling patterns.

A DREAD sound cut into the spinning disc of his consciousness—the shriek of a police car.

The shriek died to a low groan. The police car pulled up beside the crowd.

Clicketyclickety . . . yassuh sheriff. *Zzzzweeeeeets* . . .

"Make way for the law."

"Okay okay stop shoving."

"What's the matter? What's the matter?"

"Frankie don't—"

"What's a-going on here?"

"Nigger hooked hisself a tarpon."

"Colored fellow—big fish."

"Hey nigger what you mean a-fishin' off this white folk's place?"

"Ah leave the boy alone, officer—look at that fish he's hooked."

"Goddam you! Turn around when I talks to you!"

"Don't be forgitting what we told you there black boy—on your own pole haw haw."

"Haw haw."

Frankie felt a rough hand on his weary arm—hard fingers digging into his flesh.

Surging high into the air, the tarpon mightily shook its head, trying to throw the hook embedded in its bony jaw.

"Lookit him! Lookit him! Jeesus let the boy alone officer!"

"Godalmighty!"

His arm free now.

The line went limp.

"Ooooohh" A mass sigh welled from the mob.

"Lost him—he's lost him!"

"Dog take it!"

"No no he's still on!"

"Gone!"

"There he is—still hooked!"

"Put your drag on—he's a-weakenin'!".

"Whooey! Come on there, black boy!"

The battle between man and fish swung back and forth. Men and women excitedly lined the low stone guardrail of the bridge, clambered on car fenders and roofs for a better view. Large white gulls spiralled overhead, squeaking above the crowd's shouting.

"Tip up!"

"Don't crowd there, dammit!"

"Let someone else see!"

"Watch your pushing there, stranger."

"What's the matter Mac—you own the ocean?"

"Mite more drag."

"Never land him on that tackle."

"The hell you say—listen I've taken salmon on a trout rod up in Novia Scotia, and—"

"Well this's Florida, and that's tarpon, mister."

"Ha ha."

"And that's a nigger fishin'."

"Papa, papa, lift me higher!"

"Good good—that's the stuff!

"Attaboy!"

"Come on there nigger!"

. . . teasing me . . . thirsty . . . clicketyclickety . . . drinking rum and coca-cola . . . clicketyclickety . . . coca-cola . . . clicketycola . . . leave me go fish. . . .

. . . water . . . cool . . . rest. . . .

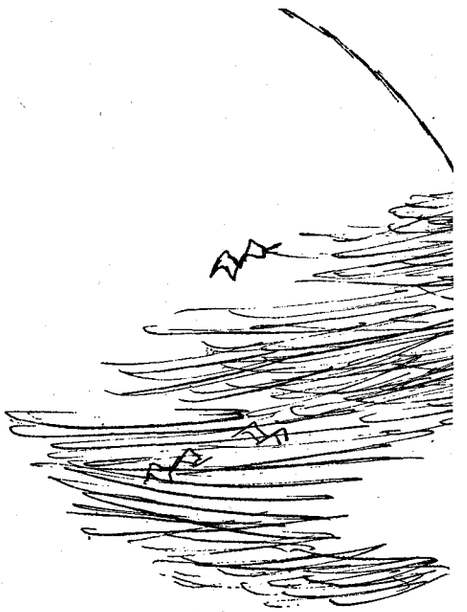
"Got him now!"

"Here he come!"

The giant tarpon rolled on its side. A weak shiver ran down Frankie's rod.

"Give him room! Make room!"

"Don't crowd there, dammit!"



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"Whee papa, here comes the big fish!"

"Ha ha."

"Careful now, easy does it."

"Watch him—still likely to be perky."

There below him, the tarpon. Its broad dark tail twitched spasmodically, its fins swayed feebly. Blood oozed from the torn jaw, staining the light green bay waters flowing over its white belly. Cappy bent over, sank the gaff deep in a gill, and heaved. Frankie found his own hands besides Cappy's, helping him pull. Heavy, heavy. . . .

Other hands—white willing hands—reaching down. Knotted muscles straining, flesh against flesh.

"All together now, men—one, two, three—heave!"

"Umph—Jeesus god, he's a heavy one."

"That does it."

The serpentine fish lay flat on the bridge at the feet of the crowd, its sides moving convulsively.

"Mighty prideful fish."

"More'n two hundred pounds for sure."

"Sight closer to three hundred."

"Look how he was hooked."

"Scrappers, aren't they?"

FRANKIE, trembling from weakness, his stomach turning, looked about him. Strange pink and white faces blurred in his vision . . . Cappy . . . Cappy. . . .

"All right, all right now goddamit, break it up, break it up!" The police officer, mopping the back of his neck, angrily gestured at the crowd. The policeman faced Frankie. His sandy brows were puckered, sweat trickled down his long red nose. "What's your name, nigger?"

The crowd stirred, pressed closer.

Frankie's gaze focused on the black line of the Sam Browne belt slung over the policeman's sweat-stained blue shirt. His eyes traveled downward, then raised. Drawing on his last reservoir of strength, Frankie straightened up stiffly.

"Frankie Lawton."

"Where you live at?"

"Thirty-two South Road."

The mob hemmed in close to Frankie and the policeman, their breathing audible.

"What's he done? What's he done?"

Nervously the question ran through the crowd, passed from one pair of lips to the next.

Answers shuttled back.

"Nigger."

"White folks only here."

"Jeesus—just fishin'."

"I don't get it."

A man tugged at the policeman's sleeve. "Listen officer, why pick on the boy?"

A rumble of agreement rose from the crowd.

The policeman spun savagely. "You a-tellin' the law what to do?"

A voice came from the rear. "Aw, you just aiming to lock somebody up, officer. Why don't you just lock up that tarpon there? He the one caused all the trouble."

The crowd hooted with laughter. The officer shifted uneasily, staring at the grinning faces around him. He looked over their heads toward the patrol car. The other officer at the wheel idly smoked a cigarette. The policeman eyed the huge fish, prodded it with his toe. He gave it a little kick.

Suddenly he looked up at Frankie. He hitched up his holster. "All right there black boy, git that fish of your'n off here, and don't let me catch you around here no more." He spat, scowled at the ring of faces. "Next time you like to git hurt, understand?"

The policeman wiped his sweating face on his sleeve, barked at the onlookers. "I said move goddamit—now move!"

"Whooey!"

Palms pounded Frankie's back.

He felt no elation. A part of him remained wary. Confused and anxious to leave, his eyes searched for Cappy.

"Damn good fishing."

"You for sure can fish."

"You all right there, black boy."

Frankie found Cappy beside him. "Hey Cappy, gimme a hand here."

Together they knelt beside the massive fish. Slitting the tarpon's neck,

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Frankie held the ugly head, letting the blood drip into the deep bay waters, while Cappy restrained the heaving body.

The fish's life slowly faded as the crowd watched.

Another man bent beside them. "Want to sell that fish?"

Frankie's brow wrinkled. He hesitated. His thin hand rested on the cold sleek side of the tarpon. It was still now.

He smiled at the man. "Sorry, sir, cain't sell this fish. Done promised to somebody already. Sorry, sir."

Driving home, Cappy kept up an excited patter. Frankie didn't answer for a while. Finally he turned toward Cappy.

"Man, for a piece there it looked powerful bad. Sure looked like trouble."

"Well—fishermen ain't too bad."

Next time you like to get hurt. . . . That makes two next times . . . always a next time to worry about . . . man's always got to be scared . . . rabbitty. . . . Sometime maybe. . . .

Frankie looked back at the dead tarpon lying across the rumble seat.

THE car creaked to a stop on the dirt road. Frankie laid his hand on Cappy's thigh, twisted his body toward the house, and called out.

"Debby—oh Debby, honey!"

MEN AGAINST THE BIG MONEY

Senators Guffey and Tunnell face an uphill election battle in Pennsylvania and Delaware. Republicans backed by the Du Ponts and Pews.

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Washington

WITH the important Senatorial campaigns in Pennsylvania and Delaware under way, there is talk on the Hill that the much-feared stay-at-home vote in fact may be turned into votes for these progressive Senators by the sharpening of issues produced by the Wallace outcry against war. This will be true, according to legislative representatives of the international unions which are urging their locals to send wires of congratulations to Wallace, and according to others studying election possibilities, only if the issues are brought forward in the campaign.

There is no certainty that they will speak out on foreign policy, but both Senators James M. Tunnell of Delaware and Joseph F. Guffey of Pennsylvania made it clear when I interviewed them here before their departure that they were going to campaign on FDR policies.

The danger is that Senator Guffey in particular, who faces an uphill fight, may be influenced to soften his remarks on the burning issue of peace by some of the regular Democratic party forces which are opposed to his taking a strong pro-Roosevelt line. Some of these forces reportedly had been counselling Senator Guffey against speaking out on controversial issues even before the Wallace revelations. It is felt here that his only salvation lies in conducting an extremely vigorous campaign to show the New Dealers, progressives and the Negro voters the difference between himself and the reactionary Republican he opposes—and the difference between "Joe" Guffey and Gov. Edward Martin is considerable.

Both "Joe" Guffey and "Jim" Tunnell have been known, as has been Sen. Harley Kilgore of West Virginia, another progressive who faces strong opposition from reactionary Republican forces, for their refusal to trade or bargain or exchange cloakroom backslapping with members of the reactionary Republican-poll tax coalition in the Senate.

Senator Guffey, while I was interviewing him, spoke almost savagely of "the unholy alliance," a phrase he made famous in his forthright statement to the press on the subject of the soldiers' vote. If the old fighting Guffey of those days emerges in the next few crucial weeks, he may reach many of the voters who turned out to vote Democratic in presidential years; and it is conceded that without a large vote he is doomed to lose.

His words, I found when I turned to the files for his "unholy alliance" remarks of Dec. 5, 1943, are no less fresh today, when Byrnes, Connally and Vandenberg are running our foreign relations, and when we are threatened with a strengthening of that alliance in a new Congress, if not an outright Republican majority. In either case the worst effects of a boom and bust economy at home and an aggressive war abroad would be far harder to avoid, and the people's voice would be more readily gagged.

"IN THE coming compaign," Senator Tunnell told me, "we shall see the effect of large amounts of money being contributed for the purpose of controlling the votes of the nation with a view to turning the government over to the reactionary elements. This will be apparent in every contested election in the union." But in no states will the money be poured in more lavishly by the Republican millionaires of the Dewey-Hoover-Vandenberg outlook than in Du Pont-controlled Delaware or in Pennsylvania, dominated by Joe Pew of the Sun Oil Co. and other "oily fat cats," as Senator Guffey calls them.

Asked if a coalition of Democratic and independent progressive forces rallied around the Roosevelt program could turn out the votes to defeat reaction, Senator Tunnell said grimly, "It will be difficult, but not impossible, to win."

And Senator Guffey told me somewhat gruffly, "I've got a tough fight. But all they've got is money. I'm going to win. And I'm campaigning on the continuation of the policies of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. I campaigned in '34 on 100 per cent support of FDR and New Deal policies, and again in '40, and I shall again—and on my voting record."

It was on June 12, 1943, when debate was raging over the Connally

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war labor disputes bill, that Senator Guffey took the floor to argue against it and particularly against its Section 9, entitled, "Political Contributions by Labor Organizations." Said the Senator:

"I do not see why we should especially pick on labor organizations, in view of the fact . . . that the Hatch Act and Corrupt Practices Act are being violated in every election." He spoke particularly of how the spirit of the act is bypassed by "getting a family to make the contributions." He introduced records revealing that in South Dakota after the 1940 campaign, $17,000 remained in GOP funds from original contributions of $62,369.86 at the end of the campaign. He defied Sen. Harlan J. Bushfield of South Dakota, a Republican known in his home state as "the third Senator from Delaware," to say what had become of the $17,000. "I take it for granted, and I hope the Senator from South Dakota is listening, that the funds . . . were turned over to the campaign of 1942. . . ." Senator Bushfield didn't say. Senator Guffey cited various contributions to the South Dakota 1942 campaign, when Bushfield was elected for the first time, from the Du Ponts, Mellons, Pews, Col. R. R. McCormick of Chicago, a $10,000 contribution from Maxey Jarman of the Tennessee Republican Committee. (The law limits contributions to $5,000 from each person to each organization.)

Senator Guffey has charged that $875,000 in an unexpected surplus from the last campaign will be used as a nest egg by the Republican state committee of Pennsylvania in an attempt to defeat him.

The records of the Senate Campaign Expenditures Committee for 1940, the last senatorial elections in Pennsylvania and Delaware, show that the Du Pont family group contributed a total of $186,780 to GOP contests. Of course we are dealing only with what was given on the record. The Pews of Pennsylvania gave $108,525.

The sheer productiveness of the Du Ponts, not in terms of nylon, rayon, paint, ammunition, plastics and the vast variety of other things they produce in plants flung over the country, but in family, is truly amazing to one studying the roster of Du Pont names in those records. The 1940 report lists twenty-nine whose name is Du Pont, thirteen others who retain Du Pont in their names after marriage, and twenty-nine others whom investigators were able to classify as husbands or relatives of Du Ponts. Others who gave to the Delaware State Republican Finance Committee weren't figured in the total, because investigators didn't know who all the Du Ponts were. The state committee's total funds of $84,500 included $2,000 from Mrs. Robert H. (Du Pont) Downs; and R. R. M. Carpenter, who married a Du Pont, gave $1,000 to the Republican Senate Campaign Committee. Likewise W. S. Carpenter, president of the Du Pont Co., was down for $4,000 in the Willkie for War Veterans listing, but not counted in the family group total.

In 1944, when there was no senatorial contest in either state, the Du Ponts gave far less than in 1940—only $109,832.83. The Pews contributed $96,995.76; the Mellons $59,500.

SENATOR GUFFEY told me, as he paced up and down his office, how he left a profitable oil and gas public utility business to go into politics, because he saw the mistakes capitalism was making. "I saw the corrupt influences at work. I wanted to follow Roosevelt. Roosevelt saved capitalism. And if we don't look out, we'll revert to the period of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover—with a bust at the end of it," he said gloomily.

"Peace," he went on feelingly, "is the outstanding question in the world today." Yet he shied away, when I asked him, from saying he was for "Big Three unity," preferring just to say he was "for the Roosevelt policies."

The Senator is a member of the Foreign Relations Committee. But instead of talking specifically of today's problems, he spoke of the League of Nations, which he had ardently supported. "Do you know who killed the League?" he shot at me rather truculently. And without waiting for a reply, went on: "Cabot Lodge, Philander Chase Knox, Senators, and the industrialist Henry Frick. They all hated labor. Yes, they broke up the Knights of Labor in 1890, and the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers in 1892. Frick killed a hundred men." The Senator alluded to the great steel strikes which were broken by the steel barons, particularly the Homestead strike, in which about 100 men were killed, at the direction of Frick.

(This interview with the Senator took place some weeks before the foreign policy speech of Henry Wallace and his ousting by President Truman, and before Sen. Claude Pepper told a convention of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen that President Truman accepts advice on foreign affairs from "the same men who would cut labor's wages, lengthen hours and deprive you and your families of the necessities of life.")

Senator Guffey has had an excellent record as a fighter against monopoly evils. Last May he proposed legislation which would have prevented the use of the unused excess profits credit carry-back as a government subsidy to aid employers in strikes. During the fights that raged over the nomination of Henry A. Wallace for Secretary of Commerce and Aubrey Williams for the Rural Electrification Administration, Senator Guffey read into the record letters supporting each nomination. Of all the progressives who tried to get a real price control bill through Congress, he was the only one who rejected the lame compromise and voted against it in final form—the first conference bill, vetoed by the President, and for this labor gives Senator Guffey full credit. When a large delegation of United Electric, Radio and Machine Workers people from Penn-

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sylvania visited him on the introduction of the Truman anti-labor bill, Guffey said at once, "This is involuntary servitude," and repeated it on the floor.

The mine workers, no matter what John L. Lewis tells them, are not apt to forget that in 1936, when Tom Kennedy of the United Mine Workers was lieutenant governor, Senator Guffey fought all the way—jeopardizing his own political future, in the minds of many of his advisers—to support him for the governorship to succeed George Earle.

Guffey's opponent, Governor Martin, has as his most intimate political subordinate State Sen. M. Harvey Taylor, chairman of the state GOP, who was obliged to admit before a US Senatorial investigating committee that the Pennsylvania Republican Party had financed publication and distribution of the anti-Semitic pamphlet, "Clear Everything with Sidney." One of Taylor's political henchmen is A. O. Vorse, who publishes a newsletter for which Vorse was publicly censured (April 11, 1945) for its "unfounded, unfair and un-American attacks upon members of the Jewish race."

Senator Guffey, on the other hand, has a good record on racial issues. He is among the Senators who co-sponsored the Mead anti-lynch bill introduced as a result of the wave of lynching and violence against the Negro people this spring and summer. He voted for cloture, the shutting off of debate, on FEPC. But while voting correctly on all the major issues, he has not spoken out enough on them, and unless he does so in his campaign there is great danger that the liberals will stay home and his reactionary opponent will win.

The United Electrical Workers-CIO, which has compiled the most useful and creative analysis to date on candidates' records, based on their votes, their actions in committee and on the floor, summarizes its account of Guffey's record: "Senator Guffey votes with labor both in the Senate Education and Labor Committee . . . and on the floor. Moreover, he has the courage of his convictions. . . . Labor should keep Senator Guffey informed of its position and urge him to take more leadership in the fights for progressive legislation." The union adds that as the only member of the Finance Committee signing a minority report on the unemployment compensation bill (whose twenty-five dollars for twenty-six weeks' clause had been defeated thanks to the clever work of Sen. Arthur Vandenberg and his followers, and the doubletalk of the administration on the bill), "Guffey should get full credit."

IN DELAWARE, one of the state Republican leaders is reported to have stated privately: "We are depending on dissatisfaction, discontent and a small vote." When this GOP leader was asked if this meant that no issues would be raised in the senatorial campaign, his reply was: "That's right." To date the Republican candidate, John J. Williams, a feed dealer of Millsboro, has contented himself apparently with declaring himself as against the New Deal.

The Du Ponts, who began making their money in ammunition in the Revolutionary War and have piled it up in and out of war ever since, have few plants in Delaware, but their general offices are there, extending their shadow over newspapers, banks and the state machine. The Republican Senator, C. Douglas Buck, is married to a Du Pont. It must have been particularly galling to them to read how the other Senator, the tall, white-haired, frail-looking Senator Tunnell, packing fury into his words—as he does when aroused—told his colleagues last March 26:

"Instead of allowing a minimum wage of sixty-five cents an hour, they wish to make it fifty-five. Perhaps they will be able to scrape the butter off the bread of millions of children. Perhaps they will be able to reduce the number of meals which a worker can have in the course of a year. . . . We assert that the sixty-five cents minimum recommended by the majority is truly a minimum wage."

Again and again Senator Tunnell took the floor in the debate on the Pepper minimum wage sixty-five cents bill, carrying a major part of the fight both on the floor and in the Senate Education and Labor Committee where he conducted the lengthy hearings on it.

Reactionaries of both North and South have been in a majority in recent years, and have stood united, the Senator told me, pointing out that every effort must be made to defeat reactionaries this Fall. Meanwhile, he said, "every effort is being made by the reactionaries to sidetrack the people on false issues.

"In the five-and-a-half years I've been here," he said, "every issue raised on domestic affairs has placed practically the same Senators on the side of the people, and the same on the side of those who desire to take away the privileges of the people." He listed the main issues: the soldiers vote; full employment; minimum wage; social security; the health bill; the attempt

portside patter

by BILL RICHARDS

Rudolph Hess was let off with life imprisonment. Goering, in deference to his importance, will receive a somewhat shorter stretch.

●

The three acquitted Nazis requested another night in jail because they had no place to go. Austria and Czechoslovakia have offered to let their courts solve this housing problem permanently.

●

Winston Churchill gave the V sign and waved his hat during a parade honoring him in Zurich. Churchill seems to do much better waving his hat than talking through it.

●

The nationwide meat shortage continues. Those crowds at the Madison Square Garden Rodeo aren't all sports enthusiasts.

●

General MacArthur has denied that he will be a candidate for the presidency. MacArthur is probably the only general in history anxiously awaiting a draft notice.

●

Franco, in an anniversary address, attributes Spain's difficulties to poor crops, caused by lack of fertilizers. His speech should go far towards alleviating the situation.

●

There is evidence that the German-American Bund and the Ku Klux Klan have formed an alliance. No doubt they will now proclaim themselves to be 200 percent American.

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to amend the Wagner act; the Case bill and OPA.

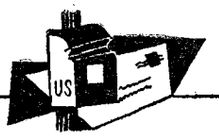
On OPA the Senator has the only mark against his voting record. Owner of poultry farms he rents to tenant farmers, he strongly favored decontrol of poultry. Nevertheless he lined up with pro-OPA Senators on all other aspects of OPA, and said on the floor: "In spite of the fact that many of our people would like to have OPA wiped out, and take a chance on inflation, or bet on there being no inflation, . . . I do not think I can afford to take any part of the responsibility for bringing on such conditions." Said the UERMWA in its analysis of his role in the Senate, after mentioning his stand on poultry decontrol: "On all other issues, however, Senator Tunnell was not only on labor's side but a capable leader in the fight for labor's interests." To me, he bitterly denounced the use of riders to appropriation bills to get anti-labor legislation passed. "Attacking labor piecemeal," he called it. On the floor he said, "To each appropriation bill we now find anti-labor amendments attached. On the very last day, supposedly, when appropriation bills can be passed . . . must we have a controversial amendment attached . . . ? Is it a club over the people of the nation?"

Here I found a Senator who had no hesitation in saying that he was a firm believer in Big Three unity. A member of the Foreign Relations Committee, this tireless and youthful man who was born in 1879 has made three jaunts abroad, the last one around the world, in the last year and a half. He has supported admission of Jews into Palestine and criticized Great Britain for obstructing their entry.

When I asked him to comment on the possibilities of defeating the drive for a third world war being carried on by certain military and political cliques, as echoed in the press, he said:

"There is a wrong viewpoint being exploited. An anti-Russian viewpoint is being put forward at every turn. This is dangerous. Whether we agree with Russia or we do not agree with Russia in any particular instance, Russia is one of the two really strong powers in the world, and will likely be a factor in world affairs for centuries. There must be working agreements between Russia and the United States—as to trade, peace and government procedures."

mail call



A Motion is Made

To New Masses: Having recently returned from a summer's vacation, I have had great pleasure in going through the accumulated issues of NM and I must say that the magazine has tremendously improved. The articles—even though some are as much as two months old—are fresh and exciting. The new features, "Portside Patter" and "The Clearing House," are fine.

I especially liked the article on German Communists (NM, September 17) by Arthur Kahn. In addition to a wonderful report Mr. Kahn brings up an important point in noting that "the Communists of Germany complain that the Communists of America and of other countries did not send greetings to them on May Day." Such negligence is a crime. But even more important than greetings, as Mr. Kahn notes, is food and clothing.

I second Mr. Kahn's suggestion that we be concerned with our German comrades—concerned enough to install immediately a system for package sending to them. I am sure that such a program would meet with wide response. Winter is but two months off. This winter is going to be the worst in years for the anti-fascists unless the American Communists do something about it—*soon*. What are we waiting for?

New York. Hal Leonard.

The Right to Think

To New Masses: The article incensed me. "US Employes Face 'Loyalty' Investigation," it sneered. I sneered, too, for I remembered reading similar articles about Hitler's purges in the thirties.

Is this an early sign of totalitarianism in America? Must we heil our leaders as the Germans did, in order to hold our jobs? Well, here's one who won't!

The day of "My country, right or wrong" has passed. Now we must say, "My country—right, not wrong." If we perceive a "wrong" edging into the nation's actions, it is no longer our duty to blindly approve. The world today has no room for nationalistic countries. All nations must be concerned with the problems of all other nations; if our national politicians wrong their own people, they also wrong the people of the world.

In a land where free speech is the birthright of every citizen, it would be a paradox to take away a man's job because he has different opinions of his government than the so-called "public servants" who run it. A person on the federal payroll should have just as much right as you or I to spout off when he thinks the country is being steered inefficiently.

For my own part, if I think Senator Hooligan is making a mess of his job, I'll yell my tongue loose until Senator Hooligan gets organized. In pre-war Germany I couldn't have done that. In postwar America?

Chicago. Donald O. Shirley.

Volunteers Wanted

To New Masses: The campaign headquarters of the National Citizens Political Action Committee has an urgent responsibility. It is organizing independent citizens to win elections which can bring peace and progress to American affairs.

The National Citizens PAC campaign headquarters also has an urgent need—for volunteers, for people who will perform services vital to winning the 1946 election campaign.

The time: a morning, an afternoon, an evening, any day from Monday through Saturday, from now to Election Day. The place: Hotel Forrest, 224 W. 49 St., N.Y.C. The telephone: CIrcle 6-3000, Extension 17. We assure you that your volunteer time will be efficiently organized.

Please come in or phone—soon!

Betty Gould, Chairman
Committee for Volunteers

Cooperative Student

To New Masses: At present I am at a student cooperative of the University of California at Berkeley—Oxford Hall. We at the cooperative have been able to gather a subscription to this fine magazine. I especially wish to call your attention to the increased number of people who will thus have access to this magazine.

I also wish to comment on the inclusion of inutile, and what I regard to be wasteful material as page fillers or drawings as spaceage on the bottom of some of your pages. Particularly do I have in mind the bottom of pages twelve and thirteen of your issue of August 27. This to me is quite inane and not in keeping with the high standards attained by this magazine. Other material of more vital interest could be substituted. Many of your drawings are of high quality; very fine are your woodcuts, and the work of Turnbull. The best and strongest of feelings from a great admirer.

Los Angeles. Stanley Kurnik.

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MAINSTREAM

An Editorial by JOSEPH NORTH

MANY of our readers may not as yet know about it, but a Marxist quarterly has been launched. Its name will be *Mainstream* and it will appear sometime around the first of the year. NEW MASSES editors extend a warm handshake to our brother-in-arms. Welcome, and a long, fruitful life. We venture to predict a great, productive future for you.

Mainstream is being born in a turbulent, unprecedented epoch. The global war has unleashed cyclonic forces within humanity. A surge for a better way of life is evident in all the nations. Our people want peace and they see a foreign policy whittled down to the shape of the atom bomb. Our people want to work, at decent pay and decent conditions, and they watch the fearful play of the boom-and-bust cycle. Yet underlying everything, we know that the vast, creative effort of our people, of the world's, to check and destroy the onslaughts of fascism could not die with the war's end. And the partisans of the old know it. Determined to cling to everything that imperils mankind, that threatens a new holocaust, they are busily striving to undermine the postwar world and all the gains achieved by Hitler's destruction.

The helmsmen of monopoly capital are fearful of the new times. Hence we witness their counter-onslaught against our democratic process, their effort to stifle every expression of the people. They extend their grubby hands to throttle every clear voice. Consider the last fortnight alone: J. Edgar Hoover keynoted a wild attack on Communists, progressives, liberals. Matthew Woll hounded Hollywood; the War Department banned a college economics textbook as "Communistic," and the pro-Nazi J. Parnell Thomas demanded that NEW MASSES and the *Daily Worker* be banned from the mails.

Reaction remembers what happened after World War I. We saw an upsurge of new writing in this land. We saw it again in the burgeoning of a literature of protest in the Thirties, reflecting the great onward motion of our people. And reaction is determined, this time, to stifle every quester for truth. It adopts a many-pronged course to steal America's mind: Hearst does it at his abysmal level, seeking to impose a stormtrooper's conception of literature on our land. Others do it more subtly, more covertly. Reaction is dissatisfied with its past procedures, ambitious for newer, more streamlined ways of degrading culture. Today it moves faster, more crassly, in a host of ways. Reactionary writers have banded together in the American Writers' Association to do their dirty work; they have encouraged, and will continue to support, every literary movement that spreads contempt for the people, that sows illusions about capitalism, that in open or disguised fashion instills defeatism, pessimism, cynicism in our people. And in our writers.

For these reasons we more than welcome the announcement of the new quarterly. We knows its editors, know them by their works, know what they champion. Most of them are men and women you have encountered in these pages through the years who have achieved literary and artistic eminence.

The editor, Samuel Sillen, has long been a friend of our readers; and the board of editors includes such men and women as John Howard Lawson, Alvah Bessie, Meridel Le Sueur, Theodore Ward, Howard Fast and others, who have found a place in the hearts of many thousands in addition to NM's readers.

Examine the record of America's struggles in the past years and you will find their names honorably included. They have proved that no writer can stand aside, can claim neutrality and at the same time be of service to the people or find his potential as a writer. Their careers have proved that they regard writing as a weapon for human progress. And, as their statement of aims indicates, a "vital literature will be created only by writers who are a part of the continuing struggle against fascism." All progressives realize the soundness of their position when they say "writers must identify themselves with the lives and aspirations of the people. They ally themselves with the workingclass, which is the main force for democratic and cultural advance."

THE magazine bases its premises upon Marxist science which, as they point out, "has inspired such writers as Gorky and Sholokhov, Barbusse and Aragon, Nexo, O'Casey and Dreiser." We believe with them, as we have continually sought to show, that "American writing will be immeasurably enriched by the further advance of Marxist ideas and values."

The editors invite the participation of both Marxists and non-Marxist progressive writers, of all who stand opposed to the racist, anti-labor, witch-hunting influences in our writing today. Undoubtedly many of the new, as well as some of the established, writers will join them in opposition "to all currents of mysticism, obscurantism and snobbism." "We combat," they write, "such degraded influences as Trotzkyism's nihilism in the literary fight; we fight the literary anti-Sovieteers who constitute an auxiliary legion of imperialist reaction."

The quarterly will publish short stories, poetry, plays, reportage and reviews, as well as critical essays developing esthetic theory from a Marxist viewpoint.

We know the magazine will achieve a high level of literary quality. The editors' statement of aims lucidly presents the Marxist position on art: "We believe," they write, "that the best art is the most truthful art, and that truth in art is not dissociated from mastery of expression. We oppose a schematic approach to literature as strongly as we oppose the esoteric. We stand for a dynamic, many-sided reflection of life. This assumes a socially purposeful realism that mirrors the conflict between the dying and creative forces in a changing world."

With that credo, we believe the magazine will achieve its statement of aims, which is to "carry forward the democratic literary traditions of our country; to advance a people's literature truthfully portraying American life; to encourage working-class writing in America; to stimulate and guide Marxist thinking in literature and the creative arts."

The times are more than ripe for such a quarterly, and it merits the fullest support of all our readers and their friends. We, of NEW MASSES, repeat: "Welcome, *Mainstream*. A long and fruitful life."

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review and comment

THE ABC OF THE NAM

An economic hodge-podge which tells the people that the way out is to go straight to the devil.

By ELIZABETH LAWSON

ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON, *by Henry Hazlitt. Harper.* $2.

INCREASINGLY, the war of classes is being fought out not only on the picketline, around the bargaining-table and in the legislative hall, but on the printed page as well. The campaign of reaction to capture the thinking of the American people on economic questions has been vigorously and expensively prosecuted by the National Association of Manufacturers, by General Motors, and by half a dozen other representatives of monopoly capital.

Now Henry Hazlitt of the New York *Times* has fired another gun for the tory side with his book, *Economics in One Lesson.* The reactionaries are making a to-do over it; it has been discussed on the radio under the auspices of the Book-of-the-Month Club; and *Reader's Digest* has reprinted a large section, assuring its entry into the schools. Make no mistake about it: here is something in the way of popularization that is new, bold and dangerous. Its newness lies not in its ideas, for this is merely Hoover economics; but between Hoover economics applied in 1928 and in 1946, there is a vast qualitative difference. The intervening years witnessed the world's worst cyclical crisis, the New Deal, an immense increase in the size and militancy of American labor unions, the rise of fascism, a world anti-fascist war, and the unfolding of America's plan for world domination.

Aware that a conscious, progressive labor movement is a threat to American imperialism, Hazlitt has set out to prevent organized labor from pursuing its present objectives, and to dissuade the middle classes from supporting these objectives. This book is the distillation of the thousands of editorials, articles and advertisements written by the journalistic servants of monopoly capital. According to Hazlitt, we must break with New Deal policies, we must abolish public works and housing projects and the TVA, finish with price control, radically lower taxes on high incomes and profits, do away with government loans to farmers, repeal the Wagner Labor Relations Act and reject the principle of collective bargaining, and unemployment insurance, lengthen hours of labor, forget minimum wage laws, intensify speed-up, and abandon as a "fetish"—Hazlitt's own word—the very notion of full employment.

Hazlitt rejects the economics of John Maynard Keynes, which, with numerous American twists, has been the theoretical basis for the New Deal, the policies of Roosevelt, of Wallace, of Stuart Chase. Keynesian economists advocate government intervention to rectify some of the "maladjustments" of capitalism and to alleviate some of its worst effects. According to the American adaptation of Keynes, capitalism is fundamentally sound; works projects, government subsidies and the like will correct all that is wrong, will raise consumption to a level with production, will even abolish crises.

Now, one may reject Keynesian and New Deal economics in either of two ways. One may reject it as do the Marxists, who, though they have been in the forefront of every struggle for workers' needs, know that despite all reforms under capitalism, cyclical crises will recur, unemployment will increase, and the screws of exploitation will be tightened with every decade; that the ultimate answer lies not in "adjustments" but in socialism. Or, one may reject Keynesian and New Deal economics as a tory. Hazlitt's rejection is that of a tory. The message of his book is that we shall simply have to accept the fact that capitalism will demand of us longer hours, intensified speed-up and all the other accompaniments of naked capitalist exploitation. If we don't like it, says Hazlitt in effect, we can lump it.

Hazlitt has not aimed his book at professional economists. That is just as well for him, since his economics, on the theoretical side, is a hodge-podge. A superficial reader might gain the impression that Hazlitt accepts the whole of Adam Smith's work and is merely pleading for a return to Smith's economics. Actually, Hazlitt has taken from Smith nothing but his free-trade theories, which were revolutionary enough when capitalism was young, but which bear very different—*i.e.*, imperialist—connotations today. He accepts the offerings of all reactionary economists, from Alexander Hamilton in the eighteenth century to Ludwig von Mises today; and from the works of those economists who in their day fought feudal reaction, like Smith and Frederic Bastiat, he wrenches out of time and place whatever can be distorted to meet his needs. Anything that can be utilized against the interests of the workers will serve Hazlitt, and it would be useless to search his book for any theoretical unity beyond this.

Hazlitt's thesis is that liberal, or New Deal, economics is short-sighted;

J. Levine.

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it gives too much attention to certain population groups—the unemployed, the workers, the farmers—at the expense of others. It is to the welfare of these others—the manufacturers, the bankers, the big exporters—that Hazlitt dedicates his efforts. To them he applies the term popularized by Franklin D. Roosevelt—"The Forgotten Man"!

To discuss all of Hazlitt's fallacies would require a book in itself. Let's look at some of the more obvious ones.

1. Hazlitt believes that since there is just so much labor-power, just so much means of production, we have no right to spend on public works any portion of our capacity to produce; that if we build houses or bridges, for example, we shall have to make less of something else. He compares our economy with the situation of a family stranded on a desert island, which must decide what its members will do with their limited energies and resources—whether they will have water first, or food, or shelter, and how much of each.

I can think of only three contingencies in which a capitalist society might face such choices. They are: (1) production in wartime; (2) production in a country whose manpower and resources have been largely destroyed by war or natural calamity; and (3) production in a country that is newly discovered and relatively uninhabited.

None of these situations describes America today. The central problem of our capitalism in its normal, peacetime economy is not underproduction, but overproduction in relation to the existing market—an overproduction which is inherent in the profit system. The question is not, as Hazlitt seems to think, where shall we find manpower and means of production, but where shall we find markets for the commodities which we produce and overproduce. Not even in its palmiest days has capitalism been able to use its resources to the full. Brookings Institution, summing up its study of the lush years of 1925 to 1929, concluded, in *America's Capacity to Produce*, that ". . . our manufacturing industry was operated at only eighty percent of practical capacity during the period." Yet this era, too, ended in a vast crisis of overproduction.

ART IS A WEAPON.

Even Hazlitt should know that public works for the unemployed have come into operation only in times of minimum production, when the choice was not between this or that activity, but between public works and no employment whatever for many millions. Hazlitt's real objection to public works, in addition to the fact that they tax the high income brackets, is the same as his openly stated objection to unemployment insurance and minimum wage laws. They offer an alternative to the capitalist ultimatum: low-wage jobs in private industry or no jobs at all!

2. It is Hazlitt's theory that ". . . for every public job created . . . a private job has been destroyed somewhere else," that if we save a capitalist a thousand dollars in taxes we add as much to the nation's purchasing power as if we provide unemployed workers with the same sum. This is the familiar tory fallacy that any kind of purchasing power is equivalent to any other kind.

But the fact is that of every thousand dollars spent for wages in public works projects, every cent will go for consumers' goods, thus in some degree alleviating the problem of an economy which, each decade, overproduces and must go in frantic search of buyers. If the same thousand dollars is returned to the capitalist—in tax rebates, for example,—there is no guarantee that he will invest it at all; he may be on a sit-down strike against OPA or some other government policy of which he disapproves; or for other reasons the money may remain idle capital, as does so large a part of capitalist wealth even in boom periods.

Assuming, however, that the capitalist does invest the money, only a small proportion will become wages, will serve to drain off consumers' goods. The rest will be spent for means of production bought from other capitalists. Someone may point out that if Capitalist A buys steel from Capitalist B, workers must be paid to produce the steel. True. But a fairly large portion of the price of the steel will be Capitalist B's profits; another share will be Capitalist B's costs for means of production; only a small portion will be wages.

And, by the way, both the proportion of wages to profits and of wages to the cost of the means of production are in constant decline under capitalism.[1]

3. Hazlitt fails to bolster with statistics his contention that the application of machinery in our society does not create unemployment. This is not surprising, for all available statistics prove that, in a capitalist economy, machines do just that. From 1920 to 1929, the nation's output increased forty-six percent, with a simultaneous increase of only sixteen percent in the labor force. In the 1930's there was a further, although slower, increase in man-hour production, and from 1939 to 1944 the volume of industrial production shot up 120 percent, while the number of workers increased only sixty percent.[2] Fewer and fewer workers are needed to produce, in the same unit of time, more and more goods, while an ever-increasing proprotion of workers are displaced by the machine.

4. Hazlitt accuses organized labor of retarding technical progress. But who in our society really hinders technological advance? Let Hazlitt read, in this connection, the findings of the Temporary National Economic Committee, that ". . . the monopolist will be reluctant to make use of inventions if they would compel him to scrap existing equipment or if he believes their ultimate profitability is in doubt." Let him study the TNEC's record of patents permanently shelved, of research throttled, of inventions put away until the day when, if ever, they promise greater profits. Let him consider the charge of the Federal Communica-

[1]Mr. Hazlitt is referred to the study of the US Bureau of Labor Statistics "The Ratio of Value of Production to Wages."

[2]Mr. Hazlitt is referred to David Weintraub's "Unemployment and Increasing Productivity," and to the recent report of the Smaller War Plants Corporations, "Economic Concentration in World War II."

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tions Commission, which in 1937 accused the Bell Telephone Company of suppressing 3,400 patents to forestall competition. Let him recall the statement of Louis D. Brandeis before the House Committee on Patents in 1912: "These great organizations are constitutionally unprogressive." Let him ponder the revelation, made only a few weeks ago by Dr. Edward U. Condon, director of the National Bureau of Standards, that atomic power plants for industry could be at work within one to five years if it weren't for the "economics"—that is, the profitability—of the question.

5. For the purpose of a tirade against the OPA, Hazlitt assures us that under "free competition" prices will find their "natural" level—presumably equivalent to their value. But the era of free competition among innumerable businessmen is as dead as the dodo. If Hazlitt questions this, he should look into the mountainous, unrefuted evidence of the TNEC, that because of monopoly control and manipulation, "price competition has disappeared in many industrial fields."

6. Now hear Hazlitt on wages: "It is unfortunate that the price of labor's services should have received an entirely different name from other prices. This has prevented most people from recognizing that the same principles govern both."

This is reminiscent of a recent General Motors advertisement, advising that labor power is bought in the same way as neckties. It is entirely true that under capitalism, labor power *is* a commodity. Yet there is a difference between the sale of labor power and of other commodities. All humanitarian considerations aside, the practical difference is that the sellers of labor power, the workers, are in a *worse* position than the sellers of any other commodity. First, their particular commodity is almost always over-supplied, because of the "industrial reserve army" of unemployed. Second, the capitalist state intervenes to hold down the price of labor power; this is the only commodity whose price rise is resisted by troops, police, courts, capitalist violence. It is precisely because labor power is the sole commodity the worker possesses that he is compelled to protect its price by union organization, collective bargaining, legislation, strikes. Hazlitt has distorted the economics of the matter in order to make out a case against unions, against minimum wage laws, all on the ground that the sellers of labor power are in a position no different from the sellers of any commodity.

Hazlitt has brought forward an economic theory which, if accepted, would wipe out all of labor's gains in organization and legislation, and pave the way for fascism in the United States. He has denied facts that are matters of everyday knowledge, and that have been proved in volume after volume of research by unimpeachable authorities. If Hazlitt is ignorant of the facts, he has no right to pose as an economist. But I for one believe that he knows the facts, and that this book is a conscious effort to confuse and mislead those millions who are searching for answers to the great economic problems that touch their own lives.

With Anger

I CANNOT SEE THEIR FACES AND KEEP SILENT, *by Leibel Bergman. Prometheus Press.*

THIS is a first book of poems by a young Middle-Western writer. Unlike most first books, it is not shadowed by the influence of any contemporary "master"; there is no echo of Crane or Eliot or Auden in it—a fact which testifies to a considerable amount of self-reliance on the part of the writer. On the other hand, there is plenty of evidence of the Nineteenth Century at work here and something from the Eighteenth, and, I suspect, the Elizabethans. One other source of the method of the poems is in the general tradition of what, for want of a better term, must be called free verse (something different from the earlier *vers libre*), especially as practiced by the Left. This force is apparent in the more recent poems and probably can be taken as indicative of the direction of his present development.

As to the experience which the poems dramatize, it is in a general sense that of the young radical who, born during the First World War, reached maturity in the recent struggle, with the years of the depression as his basic training. Except for the group of love poems which compose the latter part of the book and where the oppressions of contemporary society furnish a counterpoint, the book is built on social or philosophical themes. In this sense the material is familiar, but Bergman's poems are never just the tidy and correct formulations of nearly anonymous personalities which we sometimes see. There is no doubt about the positive and individual experience here, and the book has a power of anger, a toughness and humility all the way from the introduction to the notes at the end. Yet in spite of having "all the necessary field equipment" for writing a poem, many of Bergman's attempts are unsuccessful. The language of the poems often defeats the experience it is trying to communicate.

I think it is possible to indicate some of the virtues and most of the weakness of Bergman's style in the following passage:

Pity the plutocrat in chauffeured car
Who rides upon that band of burnished steel,
And can but give a transient second's glance
To that cut gorge that stretches under far.
What can he of its spacious splendor feel,
How can he know adventurous romance,
But pickled in his pomp he glides and gloats,
Yet naught of beauty or of wonder notes.

The thing begins nicely with two lines that have no fat on them. The alliteration (a device which Bergman uses a lot) is functional and not for musical effects, and a good clean image is created. The next line goes into a spin with the "can but give," straightens out and tries to fly right. When we get to the point of "spacious splendor," the alliteration is no longer organic—it makes no contribution toward the

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attitude he is building up in the stanza —so far as I can see—and becomes just a piece of local color. The next to the last line is an excellent telescoping of a number of ideas. The alliteration is successful, both from the point of view of what Bergman is saying and what the alliteration and the line are doing. It states his attitude clearly in its complexity, and the irony acts as a reinforcement of and a tie-back to the introductory lines. The last line is fuzzy and slack with its "nought" and the inversion which places the verb at the end.

This is an incomplete analysis of the construction, but I think it indicates some of the general weaknesses Bergman has to remove. On the positive side, the lines show a sense of form which is almost a rarity among Left writers. This is the valuable element, along with a real ability for concise, terse and witty statement, which sometimes exists side by side with its opposite in a single poem, just as he is able to use clean, direct language at one time and at another fall into inversions and poeticisms.

In the title poem of the group, Bergman writes:

I try to clamp a harness on my errant tongue,
To muffle all the grief my senses know,
But in the mind's eye I see the gaunt and bloody faces,
The millions of the beaten, the rachitic faces . . .

ART IS A WEAPON!

The quality of this language is better suited to what the writer is trying to do. If he can unite it to his sense of form and learn to use metaphor where now he has a tendency to use abstract statement, Bergman should develop into one of the finest of the Left poets. THOMAS MCGRATH.

Lanny Carries On

A WORLD TO WIN, *by Upton Sinclair. Viking. $3.*

"A WORLD TO WIN" is the seventh in the series of novels in which Lanny Budd has acted as the spotlight of Upton Sinclair's intelligence, moving over Europe and America and pointing out the important events and forces in history and society from World War I to the immediate past. At times, as in the preceding book, the plot of the novel is history itself, and Lanny as a character is almost submerged in the author's reporting of the last years of peace and first half-year of conflict.

But in a world thoroughly at war, there is little room for an amateur agent, especially when the author's purpose requires the character to move freely about the earth. So the personable Lanny, whose chief value as a US presidential agent in earlier volumes was that he was on a chit-chat basis of acquaintance with members of various undergrounds, Goering, British Foreign Office people and so on, has to give up the business of being a White House agent. Not that he is freed all at once from his obligation to consort with people he despises. *A World to Win* opens in the summer of 1940, with Lanny—still a P.A.—in France. He has a chance to observe the corruption of Vichy and have its hypocritically pious aims explained to him by none other than Laval. And by the time the year is out he has been in on both ends of the Hess flight and confirmed that Hitler intends to attack the Soviet Union, has been run out of England for his German connections and because his old-school-tie Foreign Office friends are not above suspicion as potential Fifth Columnists, and has been kidnapped by the French Underground while trying to get them some money, because they don't like his friends, either.

After this adventure and a plane injury Lanny accepts the invitation of a Baltimore millionaire, whose pink and tender daughter has been pursuing Lanny through a couple of volumes, for a cruise on his yacht through the South Pacific. Also aboard is the millionaire's cousin, the anti-fascist writer Laurel Creston, whom Lanny helped to smuggle out of Germany and with whom he is half in love some days, whenever he isn't yielding to the blandishments of the Baltimore debutante. So when the yacht sails out of Hong Kong before the Japanese threat on December 6, leaving Lanny stranded, he is not alone, because he and Laurel had been calling on Mme. Sun Yat-sen.

Lanny makes up his mind that he really loves Laurel. They are married during the siege of Hong Kong and subsequently dodge their way with Communist underground help to the fighting, constructive, hopeful city of Yenan. Finally, with the aid of Lanny's Connecticut-Yankee-French Deputy-Communist uncle, they make their way from Yenan across Siberia to Kuibyshev and Moscow and an interview with Stalin in the middle of the Soviet Union's first winter of resistance.

There is little that can be said of any one Lanny Budd book that has not already been said of all the others. The plan and scope of the whole work and the synthesizing power of the author's intellect and imagination place the series at once in the class of heroic fiction that no other contemporary American writer even attempts. A reviewer may quarrel with an occasional confused sentence; or with the assumption that the United States—in view of present repressions and trade finagling—really helped a backward people in the Philippines; or with an odd omission, like that of Mme. Sun Yat-sen in failing to mention the closing of the Burma Road when she explains to Lanny why China's struggle had been so hampered. But, in addition to the over-all view of history, the reader gets an interesting and usually believable set of characters, in spite of Lanny's tendency toward omnipotence and omniscience. He also gets what seem accurate and interpretative portraits of the men who order the affairs of nations. How accurate they are in both feeling and sense is amply shown by comparing Mr. Sinclair's F.D.R. and Elliott Roosevelt's account of his father, both at the time of the Atlantic Charter.

The result is rich reading that few can afford to ignore.

SALLY ALFORD.

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Ecuadorian Poet

SECRET COUNTRY, *by Jorge Carrera Andrade. Translated by Muna Lee. Macmillan. $2.50.*

SENOR CARRERA ANDRADE is not only a poet, one of South America's most distinguished: he is a poet whose left-wing sympathies have been openly declared, author of *Song to Russia* and *Lament on the Death of Lenin* and of many moving poems inspired by Loyalist Spain's fight for survival. "I am a man," he has written, ". . . who has filled his life . . . in fighting without respite for the liberty of the oppressed and the overcoming of injustice in the world." As a diplomat, representing his native Ecuador in its consulates and embassies, he has lived and worked all over the world, publishing a long list of books in various cities of South America, Europe, even Japan. His culture is rich and profound, and truly cosmopolitan. As a poet he claims first rank among contemporary poets of the Spanish language. The "secret country" with which these poems deal is a world of extraordinary richness, whose images are both fresh and intense, and conveyed with a subtle music.

It is this music which Muna Lee's translations lose, though they convey the substance with accuracy. Since the Spanish versions are given, however, the reader with a little effort can recover the auditory values.

WALTER MCELROY.

John & the Alligators

TOUR OF DUTY, *by John Dos Passos. Houghton Mifflin. $3.*

FOR a short period during World War II, John Dos Passos served as a correspondent for *Life*, visiting various Pacific island bases and, after hostilities, Germany and Austria. *Tour of Duty* is a compilation of his reflections, some of which appeared in *Life* and others in the *New Leader.*

Dos Passos' observations in the Pacific are hardly remarkable. He has written a routine travelogue, but even here his chauvinist observations show us the real Dos Passos. For example, he is not above using such phrases as "a mongrel yellow boy." He has also a predilection for eliciting anti-union sentiments from those he interviews.

The rather dull calm of this section of the book yields to a tremendous

Fannie Hurst and Thomas Mann

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Dec. 23:
NEGRO LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES
Speaker: Doxey Wilkerson

Dec. 30:
TRENDS IN AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY
Speaker: John Stuart

Jan. 6, 1947:
TRENDS IN AMERICAN ART
Speaker: Philip Evergood

Jan. 13, 1947:
STATUS OF AMERICAN SCIENCE
Speaker to be announced

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Poland Today — *Michal Mirski*
The Tactics of the Party in the New York Elections — *William Weinstone*
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anti-Soviet frenzy in the part devoted to postwar Europe. All the old canards have come to roost in Dos Passos' hair. Not only do the Russians devote themselves to looting and raping, but they have had the audacity to make their language hard to read. If the reader can imagine no greater horror than this, what will he think when he hears of a zoo-keeper who liberated five lion cubs and a box of alligators just "to save them from the Russians?" Mr. Dos Passos has taken over the role of Dante. He wanders in the inferno of his imagination, where even jokes become monsters.

C. H.

Books Received

MEXICO SOUTH, THE ISTHMUS OF TEHUANTEPEC, *by Miguel Covarrubias. Knopf. $7.50.*

THE WESTWARD CROSSINGS (BALBOA, MACKENZIE, LEWIS AND CLARK), *by Jeannette Mirsky. Knopf. $4.*

J. B. YEATS, LETTERS TO HIS SON, *edited by Joseph Hone. Dutton. $4.*

INTRODUCTION TO NEW ZEALAND, *distributed by the New Zealand Legation. $3.*

AFTERMATH OF PEACE: PSYCHOLOGICAL ESSAYS, *by A. M. Meerlo. International Universities Press. $2.50.*

THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF JOHN AND JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. *Edited by Adrienne Koch and William Peden. Knopf. $4.50.*

THE NEW VETERAN, *by Charles G. Bolte. Penguin Special. 25c.*

BEVIN OF BRITAIN, *by Trevor Evans. Norton. $3.*

MARX'S CAPITAL, *by A. Leontiev. International Publishers. 75c.*

SHINING TRUMPETS: A HISTORY OF JAZZ, *by Rudi Blesh. $5.*

THE THEATRE BOOK OF THE YEAR, *1945-1946, by George Jean Nathan. Knopf. $3.50.*

CONFESSIONS OF A STORY WRITER, *by Paul Gallico. Knopf. $3.75.*

THE IRON CHAIN, *by Edward Newhouse. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.*

THE CHEROKEE NATION, *by Marion L. Starkey. Knopf. $3.50.*

TREATISE ON THE GODS, *by H. L. Mencken. Knopf. $3.50.*

THE HERDSMAN, *by Dorothy Clarke Wilson. Westminster. $3.*

THE NEW SCIENCE OF SURGERY, *by Frank G. Slaughter, M. D. Messner. $3.50.*

NOTHING IS A WONDERFUL THING, *by Helen Wolfert. Simon and Schuster. $2.*

FILMS OF THE WEEK

THOSE who remember *Pygmalion* and *Major Barbara* as successful attempts to transpose Shaw to the screen will probably be disappointed somewhat by *Caesar and Cleopatra.* It's still a good picture, but it seems singularly devoid of the old Shavian fireworks.

Pictures with a similar theme, or at least dealing with four-star historical figures, are usually given a certain kind of glamor job by Hollywood. The women are apt to spend much of their time getting in and out of diamond-plated baths the size of small dry-docks, while the men, clad in the burnished remnants of a scrap drive, and waving mean looking bill-hooks and bodkins, busily strive to do each other bodily harm. Happily, *Caesar and Cleopatra* belongs to a different school of history.

Cleopatra, partly perhaps because of the fatal passion she conceived for Anthony, upon which Shakespeare put the eternal spotlight, is the kind of figure which it is impossible to separate from the romantic myth created around her. Shaw presents her at a time when she is just entering womanhood. His (and Caesar's) finished product is beautiful, self-confident, capable of cruelty, but, like many of Shaw's women, hard-headed and coolly rational—so much so that it is hard to see in her the woman who, a few years later, is to be the victim of a world-shaking infatuation.

The half-bald, oldish Caesar Shaw creates is certainly far from heroic, but he has here a depth that one who has suffered through the "Gallic Wars" would never suspect. Mellowed in the service of the rapacious Roman imperialism, his experience has made him so much the democrat (within his limits) and so much the ironical philosopher that when he leaves for Rome and the bloody intrigues of the capitol he is already ripe for the knife.

As a projection of the two characters, so antithetical that they match each other, the picture is a mature and interesting offering. But not content with having Shaw, the producers had to have technicolor also and along with it some of the biggest sets ever seen. According to report none of the real sphinxes were good enough and a new one had to be made. The result

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State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Paul Kaye, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the NEW MASSES and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, New Masses, Inc., 104 E. 9th St., N.Y.C. 3; Editor: Joseph North, 104 E. 9th St., N.Y.C. 3; Managing Editor, Lloyd L. Brown, 104 E. 9th St., N.Y.C. 3; Business Manager, Paul Kaye, 104 E. 9th St., N.Y.C. 3.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) New Masses, Inc., 104 E. 9th St., N.Y.C. 3, a membership corporation. Editorial Board: Joseph North, 104 E. 9th St., N.Y.C. 3; A. B. Magil, 104 E. 9th St., N.Y.C. 3; Frederick V. Field, 104 E. 9th St., N.Y.C. 3; Harry S. Vinocur, 104 E. 9th St., N.Y.C. 3; Lloyd L. Brown, 104 E. 9th St., N.Y.C. 3; Clarence Weinstock, 104 E. 9th St., N.Y.C. 3; Charles Keller, 104 E. 9th St., N.Y.C. 3; Joseph Foster, 104 E. 9th St., N.Y.C. 3.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is 15,390.

PAUL KAYE
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1946. LYN M. BELL.
(My commission expires March 30, 1947)
(SEAL.)

is that the "spectacle" often gets in the way of the development, and, since the film is pretty talky anyway, this is not so good. The attempts to animate some of the scenes with various changings of the guard and other military shennanigans is no great help.

Some people are apt to be disturbed by the "imperialism" of the Romans. But it seems to me we have so much imperialism right at hand that it is difficult to get excited over the accomplished facts of twenty centuries ago. Rome, in spite of being a robber nation, was light-years ahead of Egypt in development, and it seems likely that Caesar, like Bonaparte, gave as much as he got. Of a less ambiguous nature is the white chauvinism, either conscious or unconscious, which fouls a couple of scenes.

Vivien Leigh as Cleopatra is very good and Claude Rains as that Caesar who was "part beast, part woman and part God" deserves some kind of award. When you finally add up the score, you will probably find that it is a worthy film, even if you remembered the play as being a lot better when you read it.

IT'S *The Well Digger's Daughter* this time, and not to be confused with *The Postman's Daughter*, which we reviewed some weeks ago—even though the title sounds as if it came from the same place and even if Raimu may seem to resemble Harry Baur. And even if the story is somewhat the same, this is positively not the same film. It is a lot better.

Raimu is the well digger, Pascal. He has a helper, a horsefaced clown played by Fernandal, who is certainly one of the finest comedians in the world. He has also a daughter, Patricia, who has just had a birthday and whom Felipe (Fernandel) would like to marry.

But the girl has other ideas and gets entangled with Jacques, son of the local hardware storekeeper. When Jacques goes off to the wars, he leaves the girl in an interesting condition and there is considerable rancour on both sides of the family. When the child is born, Pascal is immediately taken into camp by his grandson and takes back his wayward daughter. After Jacques is reported killed in the war, his parents, who had formerly looked upon Patricia as a Babylonish hussy, also fall for the grandson. Before the two families can start feuding over the child, what do you know! Jacques

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turns up very much alive and all ends happily.

It's certainly one of the corniest of the old standbys as far as the story is concerned. It is the kind of thing that could easily turn out to be as cheap as a burlesque skit. Given comic treatment here, the story is handled so surely that there is not a touch of cheapness in its conception. A true piece of comedy, bawdy, tender, vulgar at times in the best sense of the word, it has the frankness and warmth of honest humanity.

As director, nothing can better attest to Marcel Pagnol's ability than the success he has had with the second-rate script which, as writer, he created. Part of the credit for the success has to go to Raimu, who well may be what Pagnol claims—the finest actor in the world. In this film the master is given a run for his money by Fernandel, who properly belongs in the Chaplin tradition. So good are these two that it is a bad day for the others. Josette Day as Patricia seems to have the glacial reserve of a dress-maker's dummy, and Georges Grey as Jacques is pure ham. He will no doubt have a brilliant career as soon as Hollywood discovers him.

THOMAS MCGRATH.

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BILL MOORE, Chicago schoolmaster widely known for his militant stand against Jim Crow, has authored a skit for the People's Theater Group entitled *Reincarnation of a Reactionary*, the story of Senator Foran Aft from Points Unknown, resembling an OPA-wrecking senator currently popular with Col. Robert McCormick. . . . On November 18 and 19, the New York City Center presents a program of music composed exclusively by young veterans and featuring the world premiere of Alex North's *Revue for Clarinet and Orchestra*, with Benny Goodman as soloist.

New Century Publishers have just put out a new pamphlet by Moses Miller, *Crisis in Palestine*, which is must reading for anyone who wishes to understand the issues involved in the much-Promised Land. . . . The School of Jewish Studies is offering a course in its Fall Semester on "Racism and the Jewish People." It will be held Monday evenings at 8:40 with Dr.

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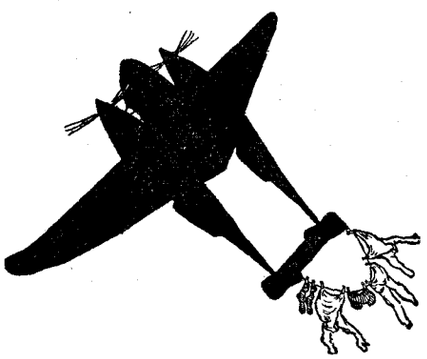
You've heard them on recordings; on October 13 New Yorkers will be able to see as well as hear those colorful Calypsos at the Park Palace Ballroom, 3-5 West 110 Street. Featured are King Houdini, Lord Invader of "Rum and Coco Cola" fame and many other Trinidad singers. . . . The Newspaper Guild of New York recently entertained the visiting group of Ukrainian writers and artists at the Guild headquarters. Head of the delegation was Luka Palamarchuk, front-line correspondent in the Western Ukraine, director of two Soviet radio stations and editor of *Soviet Ukrainea*, a daily with 350,000 circulation. Things like that cement a friendship which not even Byrnes can sever.

The October issue of *Political Affairs* contains many valuable articles, among them "Poland Today" by Michael Mirski, "The Policy of Anti-Soviet Encirclement by James S. Allen and other significant pieces. . . . The third annual Ben Davis Ball will be held on December 7 at the Golden Gate Ballroom, 143rd St. and Lenox Ave. Which reminds us to remind you: don't forget to register—your deadline in New York is October 12.

The Music Guild of Detroit has sponsored a string quartet, which is tuning up for future engagements. First concert is scheduled for November 5. And Detroit's Contemporary Theater is planning a revival of *Stevedore* for its opening production. The group requests New York's and any other city's theatrical organizations to contribute plays and skits to be performed before Detroit organizations.

Correction: Last week we reported that *Peace Key*, by John M. Weatherwax, was published by New Century. It was issued by the Bryant Foundation, Los Angeles.

RUTH STARR.



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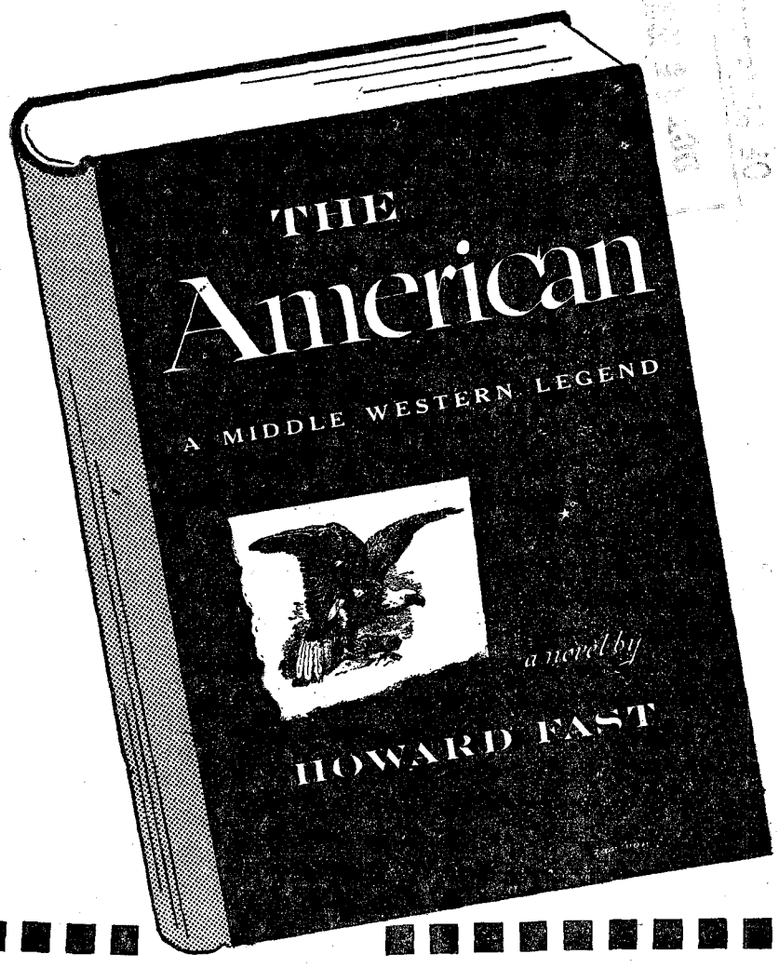

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